

PUNCH



Farnborough Air Show
September 8 1954



*Who
was that,
Chief?*

"Who was that, Chief?"

"That's the chief technical rep. of the Super Self-Gyrorator Dynamic Inertia Combined Steam Retainer and Condensate Expeller."

"You don't say, Chief! What's he want?"

"Wants us to test his gadget against the trap we use."

"Are we going to?"

"Sure. Try anything once, but it'll be a heck of a long test."

"Why, Chief?"

"Well it can't work better than a Drayton-Armstrong, so we'll have to see if it works longer."

"But I've heard you say Drayton-Armstrong will work for ten years before you need open them."

"You're catching up, my lad!"

[The Drayton book on trapping explains all this and describes the Drayton-Armstrong range. It is well worth writing for.]

Drayton Steam Traps



DA37

for • HIGHER production • LOWER maintenance • FUEL SAVING
Drayton Regulator & Instrument Co. Ltd. West Drayton, Middlesex



BRYLCREEM

grooms by Surface Tension

The special Brylcreem emulsion enables the oil to spread as a thin film evenly over the hair, coating every hair-strand. The surface tension holds the hairs together firmly but gently. Every hair is supple and lustrous. What's more, massage with Brylcreem frees the mouths of the follicles along which the hair grows, thus facilitating the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil. Avoid that greased-down look. Use Brylcreem, the healthy hairdressing, for the clean, smart look. Tubs 1/8, 2/6, 4/6 and tubes 2/6 — handy for travelling.

for smart, healthy hair



royds 184/6/54

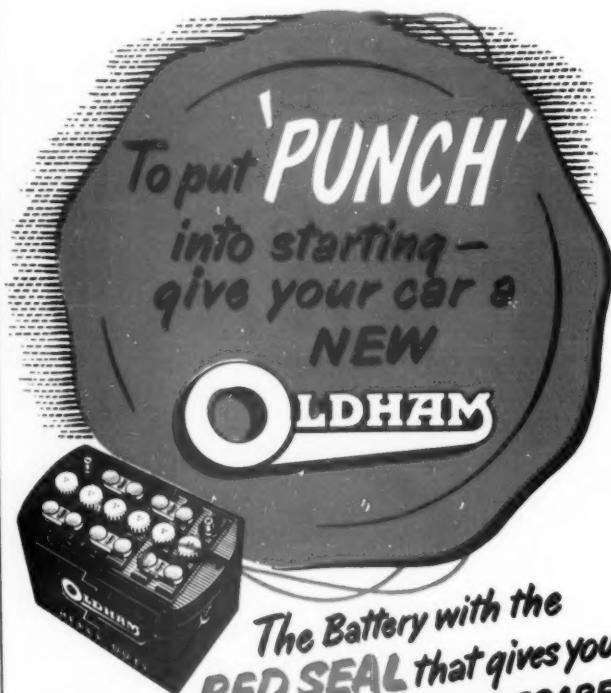


**Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it**

Player's please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

[NCC 868L]



*The Battery with the
RED SEAL that gives you
even more POWER TO SPARE*

OLDHAM & SON LTD • DENTON • MANCHESTER • EST 1865



"1,000 YARDS— *I can get down there O.K."*



TIME AND FUEL are running out fast. He's got to get down. Yet his jet is fast and heavy . . . can he possibly land there, on that emergency airstrip? Is 1,000 yards enough . . . to put her down, brake and pull up? Yes it is . . . though this very aircraft once needed a runway nearly half as long again to land in safety. The difference is due to two things: the plate brake—the most efficient method of halting an aircraft yet devised—and, more important still, the Maxaret Anti-skid Unit. No bigger than a man's fist, the Maxaret allows the pilot to land with his brakes full on and without any risk of skids. It ensures a safer, shorter, smoother landing—with a heavier load yet lighter wear on valuable aero tyres. Now being fitted to Britain's most famous civil aircraft and 'super-priority' Service types, the Maxaret marks a major step forward in safer, more economical operation. It is typical, as is the plate brake, of many contributions made by Dunlop to the comfort, convenience and security of millions of people.

DUNLOP makes things better for everyone

THE FACE AND VOICE AND HEART OF ENGLAND



“Our Watchword is Security.”

WM. PITT, *Earl of Chatham.* 1759-1806

Security is a word that goes well with a picture of a British merchant seaman. Bill Jackson, captain of a Welsh trawler, is typical of the men who defied death on the high seas when the enemy sought, in two wars, first to destroy Britain and then to starve her.

Bill understands better than most the life-and-death need... even now... for an air power that will make security a reality.

The Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies is dedicated to national security and, with it, the defence of freedom. Group aircraft like the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin and the Avro Vulcan are the sinews of air supremacy, while Armstrong Whitworth are pioneering

rockets and guided missiles to revolutionise ground defences. In the Hawker Hunter, the R.A.F. has the finest single-seater fighter in service anywhere. In addition to full-scale super-priority production orders for the R.A.F., the Group is meeting a huge demand for Hunters from NATO: the recent \$182,000,000 order is the largest U.S. off-shore order yet placed for aircraft. This great fighter is also on order for Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Denmark.



Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

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HAWKSLEY • BROCKWORTH ENGINEERING • AIR SERVICE TRAINING • HIGH DUTY ALLOYS

Gentleman of the future - in 'Terylene'

* There are two kinds of men: those who are interested in their clothes and those who prefer not to have to think about them.

'Terylene', the new British synthetic fibre, will appeal to both.



* 'Terylene' in its other form, 'silky' filament yarn, makes fabrics for ties, underwear and shirts. They look smart, feel comfortable, wear well and dry swiftly, need little ironing and almost no mending.

'TERYLENE'

Polyester  Fibre

* I.C.I. are the people producing 'Terylene'. Supplies are still very limited, though there are already some 'Terylene' things to be found in many of the best shops.

very near

* For example, 'woolly' socks of 'Terylene' staple fibre stay soft and springy, defy shrinking and seldom need darning. Suits, 100% staple fibre or staple fibre blended with wool, look and feel like lightweight worsteds. Jackets keep their shape; trousers their creases.



He was right off his balance at Pisa . . .

He was so debonair in Dulwich yet so out of the picture at Pisa. Every meal was a lottery. He never knew quite what was coming. He had nothing to lean on but a few limping words of Italian. It could have been so different if only he'd taken a Linguaphone course in the language. A few weeks of listening to the specially prepared records while following the words in the Linguaphone textbook would have given him not only words but confidence too.

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I am specially interested in (underline whatever applies)—TRAVEL, BUSINESS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, SERVICE WITH H.M. FORCES, ADULTS' EXAMINATIONS, CONSULAR SERVICE, SCHOOLCHILDREN, VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.



Well up in textiles, Mrs. Buchan?

In recent times many new methods have reinforced the traditional skill of the textile manufacturer and aided his search for greater efficiency and better materials.

Many improvements have come from the use of phosphates manufactured by Albright & Wilson. In the dyeing and processing of textiles, Calgon and other phosphates have helped to give the bright and colourful fabrics of today.



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The Power Unit for British Helicopters . . .



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The Alvis Leonides Helicopter Engine, a 520-b.h.p. 9-cylinder air-cooled radial engine. Weight complete 645 lb. Power/weight ratio 1.24 lb. (0.562 kg.) per b.h.p. Overall diameter 41.5 in. (105 cm.) In quantity production for the Bristol 171 and 173, also in extensive use by the Royal Navy in the Westland Dragonfly.



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Scotch Liqueur

Little glasses which hold
a wealth of pleasure and
satisfaction when filled
with Glayva

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Put that in
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and CONTROL them

FLUIDS—whether as simple as air, as delicate as food-stuffs or as difficult as corrosives and abrasives, submit to the control of

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The twin piston-engined S-56 Helicopter—a projected Westland production with a seating capacity of upwards of 30. A further development substitutes turbine driven rotors.

WESTLAND HELICOPTERS

Built in Yeovil from British materials to British design standards

WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LTD YEOVIL ENGLAND

PROBLEM CORNER



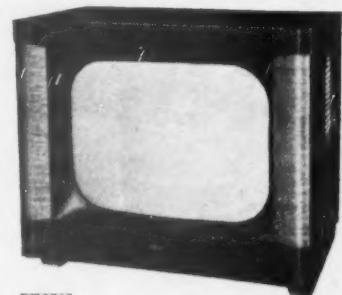
Education, we are told, is not so much a matter of knowing the facts as knowing where to find them. In matters of finance you will find 'the facts' at the Westminster Bank. Special departments exist to advise on overseas trade, to help with customers' Income Tax problems, to obtain foreign currency and passports, to act as Executor or Trustee, to . . . But why go on? We have said enough to show that, when problems like these arise, the simplest thing to do is to leave them in the efficient hands of the Westminster Bank.

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The United Steel company is a national enterprise. In Cumberland, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Rutland, the organisation operates coke ovens, iron ore mines, limestone quarries, blast furnaces, iron foundries, steel works, forges, rolling mills and other plant essential to its business.

From the mining of the ore to the finished manufactures there is an integration of production

involving over thirty thousand individuals engaged in various combinations of administrative faculties, technical attributes and manual skills of a high order.

Such an enterprise is flexible and adaptable and the United Steel company, through the services of a unified selling organisation, is able to meet the individual requirements of the consumer of almost every kind of steel.



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UNITED STEEL STRUCTURAL COMPANY LIMITED · DISTINGTON ENGINEERING COMPANY LIMITED · YORKSHIRE ENGINE COMPANY LIMITED



THE DECCA NAVIGATOR CO. LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

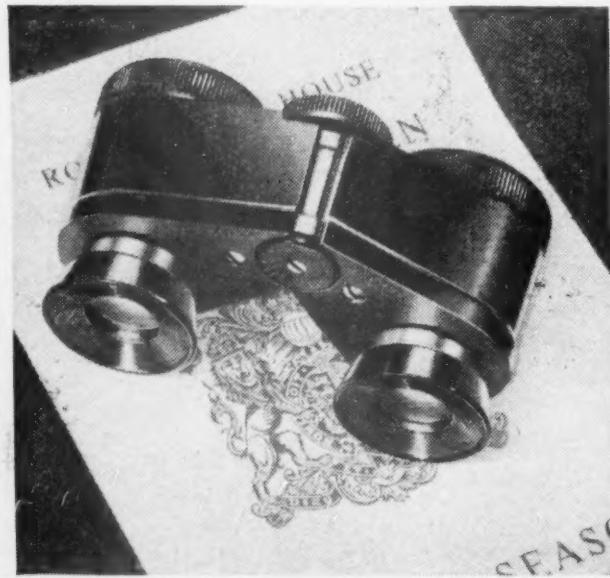
"—and is it fitted with
THE DECCA NAVIGATOR?"

Made of steel — container and plates — a Nife battery has great mechanical strength. The almost inert electrolyte is actually a steel preservative, so no deterioration, no self-discharge and no corrosion of terminals. In addition a Nife will withstand the heaviest rates of discharge. Maintenance costs are practically nil, install a Nife — years and years of trouble-free service will repay you handsomely for your investment. (N.B.—Nife batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

NIFE BATTERIES · REDDITCH · WORCESTERSHIRE

Steel construction
for long life
Complete reliability
Low maintenance costs

NIFE
STEEL BATTERIES



ROSS
LONDON

OPEROS THEATRE GLASSES

By giving you a perfect view of the whole stage, Operos theatre glasses will ensure that you see every detail of the show and greatly add to your enjoyment.

An outstanding improvement over ordinary fixed glasses is the hinged body, which enables the eye-cups to be adjusted to suit the eye separation of the user. £5.5.0 (plus 1/7d. tax on case).

OBtainable from leading stores and opticians





"You asked for Benson and Hedges cigarettes, Sir?"

Among the racecourse clubs throughout the world there are those whose fame extends far beyond their national boundaries. So, too, with Benson & Hedges cigarettes which are to be found, almost without exception, in these very same places.

ROYAL ASCOT • EPSOM • NEWMARKET
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CHELTENHAM • GOODWOOD • CAIRO
COLOMBO • SINGAPORE • HONG KONG
MELBOURNE • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND
PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD
KINGSTON, JAMAICA • NASSAU, BAHAMAS
CALCUTTA • KARACHI

It is by persistent, careful attention to finer points that the supremely excellent distinguishes itself from that which is just very good. **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes are made from the finest of fine tobaccos to be worthy of every occasion . . .

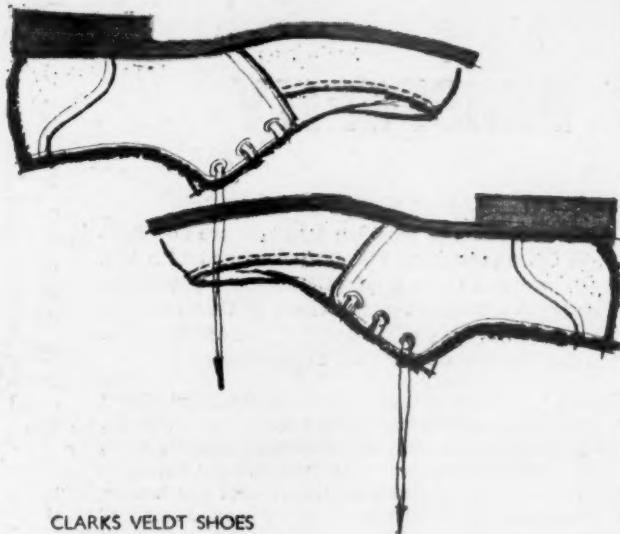


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BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do

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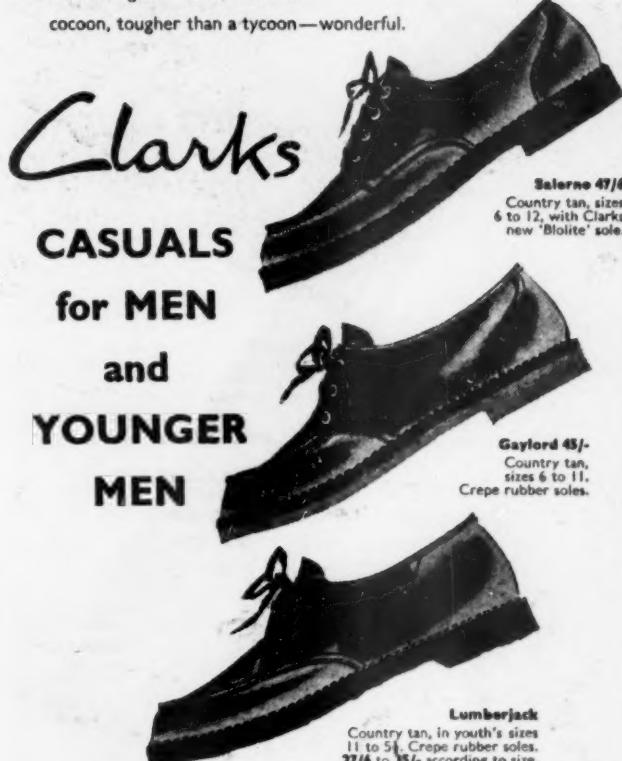
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are getting above themselves.

They are light-soled, supremely springy. Even with you inside they barely (but oh so comfortably) come down to earth.

In leathers with a masculine outlook: strong, handsome, easy as old friends.

And on "Salerno"—Clarks new Biolite sole, 'aerated' microcellular rubber: light as froth, soft as a cocoon, tougher than a tycoon—wonderful.



Nearest shop?

write CLARKS, Dept. J.15, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet

This little bulb makes a BIG



Why the 'Eureka' look? She's discovered that one finger-size Sparklet Bulb makes a full siphon of fine, fighting 'soda'. The secret?—someone has given her a Sparklet Refillable Syphon.

With a Sparklet there's a soda-fountain right in your own home to give you lively, made-on-the-spot 'soda' as fresh as your own water supply.

EASY ON THE EYE

Take your pick from a variety of colour schemes to harmonise with any surroundings—a Sparklet can hold up its head on the smartest of sideboards.

EASY ON THE POCKET

Sparklet's thrifty habits belie its Park Lane appearance. With Sparklet Bulbs costing only 6½d. each, the siphon declares a dividend on every drink. And remember—no outstanding deposit charges, no clutter of empties.

STANDARD MODEL, 48/-

STREAMLINE MODELS, 74/9 & 84/-

See Sparklet Syphons at chemists and stores, or write for illustrated leaflet to:

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SPARKLET
Refillable SYPHON

THE BRICKS OF PROSPERITY

Refractories are a vital part of the economy of any industry using furnaces—but how often do they appear in the accounts—in their own right we mean, not hidden in Capital Cost, Furnace Maintenance or Overheads? Not often? Never? It's worth any accountant's while to dig them out of this obscurity and look at them carefully—with the technical help of a furnace engineer if possible. For refractories can have a profound effect on an industry's prosperity. Take Morgan M.I. refractories*. They have stepped up the output of batch furnaces in many industries by 50 per cent and more and could perhaps do the same for yours. Furnaces which once took an hour

and a half to reach working temperature now heat up in fifteen minutes. Two furnaces lined with M.I. do the work of three lined with ordinary firebricks. Think for a moment of the effect of that on overheads and on the profit/capital ratio. Anyway give refractories a thought; they are worth it.

* M.I. bricks are low heat-storage refractories which can be used as a direct furnace lining up to 1540°C (2800°F). They are made on modern continuous plant under stringent quality control and every brick is ground to size. Full technical details are available on request and our furnace engineers are always pleased to have the opportunity of discussing special problems in the use of these, or any other, Morgan refractories.

MORGAN Refractories

ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST

THE MORGAN CRUCIBLE CO. LTD. (Refractories Group), Neston, Wirral, Cheshire.

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SANDEMAN SHERRY

—I couldn't wish for better wine—



SANDEMAN "THREE STAR" DRY PALE
is an admirable Sherry when one's
appetite needs a touch of pleasant stimu-
lation. 18/- per bottle.

SANDEMAN "ROYAL PEMARTIN"
In mid-morning pause for a biscuit and a
glass of this rich pale oloroso; and that
mountain of work will become a mole-
hill. 23/- per bottle.

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LIMITED, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.



* In appearance, in workmanship, in flavour and aroma,
this fine cigar—EL TROVADOR—stands alone.



This picture tells only part of the story

You can see that B.O.A.C. passengers enjoy great comfort . . . are served with delicious complimentary meals . . . and are well looked after by their B.O.A.C. cabin staff — but the picture *doesn't* tell you that there are 35 years' B.O.A.C. experience of caring for passengers behind this scene; nor that it

happens every day—often many times a day—on B.O.A.C.'s world-wide services to 51 countries on all six continents. Put *yourself* in the picture — fly B.O.A.C.! Then sit back without a care in the world, and prove for yourself how B.O.A.C. takes good care of you!

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (Victoria 2323), 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 6611), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C



**you can
always tell... DAKS**

DAKS



There's a superb look about these famous comfort-in-action trousers that is quite unmistakable. They are top favourites with international sportsmen and well-dressed men the world over. The materials are superb. They include specially long-wearing worsteds, cavalry twill and a whole range of other fine materials in a variety of attractive colours.

A Great Development

The manufacturers of Gillette razors and blades carry a great responsibility to the enormous shaving community that uses their products every day. They must see to it that their products do not vary in quality and that that quality is of the highest standard.

It is with this responsibility well in mind that they have lately marketed two sorts of Gillette shaving cream, the Gillette lather cream and the Gillette brushless cream. They believe them to be of matchless quality and important adjuncts to the Gillette razor and blade.

Gillette Industries Ltd. could wish that all their many friends would give these creams a trial and thus realise what a great development they provide.

Write to Roneo Ltd., 17 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1 Telephone: Holborn 7622



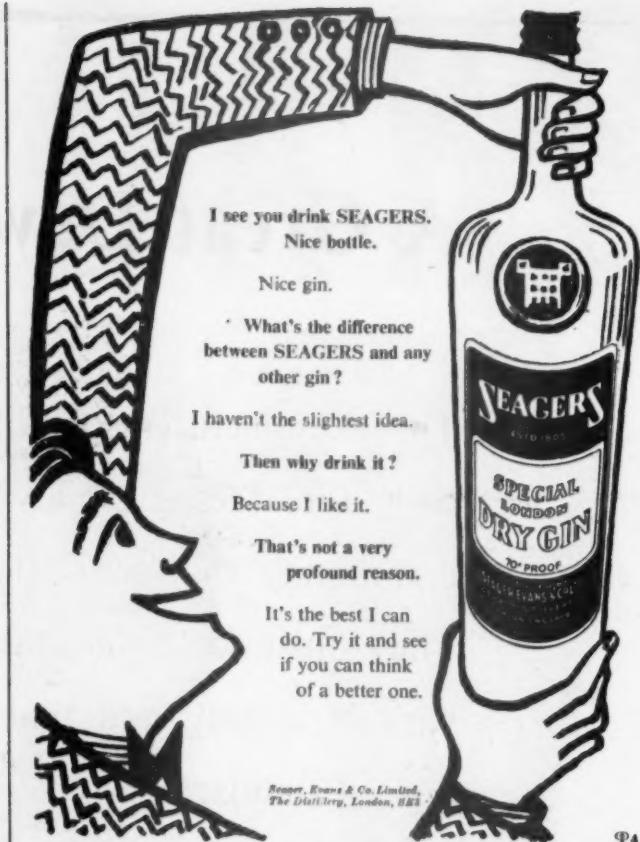
To make the office a better place to work in

Roneo's interest in solving office problems extends far beyond the provision of equipment. Time and time again Roneo's advice has resulted in the finding of a simpler, more efficient solution at much less cost. Whether you are a small or large business, starting from scratch or reorganising, call in Roneo.

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call in RONEO
and do the job PROPERLY

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P4



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Established 1845

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Nr. Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire.
Telephone, Waltham Cross 3048 Telegrams, "Ajax," Waltham Cross



Fried fish and mothballs?

Recently many people, including the National Federation of Fish Friers, have been slanging our old friend the potato. It has been variously accused of tasting mouldy, musty and 'like eating mothballs'!

The official word for this unfortunate deterioration in flavour is 'taint'—the result of treating potato fields with chemicals to control Wireworm.

Shell scientists have the complete answer to this one!

Aldrin, the new soil insecticide developed by Shell, not only controls Wireworm as effectively as any chemical previously known, but does so without even the remotest possibility of tainting—even when the potatoes are planted immediately after treatment.

Many farmers have used aldrin this year with outstanding success and there will be plenty for the next potato season.

Its use will give certain protection against Wireworm and bring back to our tables the finely flavoured potatoes we have always enjoyed.



Shell Chemicals

Shell Chemicals Limited, Norman House, 105-109 Strand, London, W.C.2.
(DISTRIBUTOR)



*"I ventured to bring White Horse for Major
Wilson also, Milord; I assumed he would prefer it"*



RESENTMENT over the higher rents bound to result from the Housing Repairs and Rents Act, in operation from the end of last month, has in the London area been somewhat allayed by the postponement of higher Tube and bus fares until September 26. This means that the Londoner has nearly four weeks' grace before it becomes as expensive to travel as to stay at home.

Don't Wait to Salute

CHRISTENING problems are always cropping up for Service authorities; there is a new plane or a new tank or a new naval exercise every day or so, and now atomic and guided weapons are clamouring for names. The tendency is to try for something disarmingly cosy and, as far as the layman can tell, meaningless; so it is pleasing to learn that an American guided missile, adopted for trial by the British Army,



has been dubbed the "Corporal," which should give pause to any intending aggressor who, learning that it boasts an atomic warhead and a speed several times that of sound, can easily foresee its ultimate promotion to a five-star general.

Comes the Dawn?

NUCLEAR scientists working at Sydney University claim "an epoch-making discovery," but are reticent about its nature. It may be the discovery that reticence about the nature of scientific discoveries offers the best chance of having any more epochs to make.

Where There's a Will

SOME indecision seems to exist among miners about whether or not they are willing to work side by side with

coloured men. It is hard to see which way things will go at the moment, but in any case a coloured man really keen on the job could always stick to the night-shift and steer clear of the pithead baths.

No Harsh Colours

THE tyrant Publicity bludgeons us all, and has now even brought the British spa to its knees. But at least it is possible to submit with dignity. Forthcoming attractions listed by the British

BRITISH MUSEUM
BRING THE WIFE AND
KIDDIES TO WATCH THE
ILLUMINATED
MANUSCRIPTS

Travel and Holidays Association include the Blackpool Illuminations, the Matlock Illuminations, the Morecambe Illuminations, the Skegness Illuminations, the Southend Illuminations and the Lights of Leamington.

Paging Mr. Skinner

ROMANTICS disillusioned by the statement of Klondike Kate, before the International Reunion and Convention of the Alaska and Yukon Sourdoughs, that she "never even saw a hair-pulling" in the gold-rush days, had still another dose of chill realism from Lord Calverley, speaking a day or two later at the Rumanian Legation: "I always remember what the late Lord Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, told me—the more we are together the merrier we shall be."

See-Saw

SPEAKING at a Sorrento congress of palmists, star-gazers and students of the unseen, one delegate expressed the view that troop movements could disturb the balance of the earth. Should Russians overrun Europe and march on to the Congo, our axis would shift until

Moscow became the North Pole and Australia the South, and already, said the speaker, the departure of American troops from Korea had tipped the earth and produced the floods in England, Holland and Belgium. Perhaps world statesmen will now think twice before throwing their weight about.

Nutshell

REPORTS that M. Mendès-France was to confer afresh with Sir Winston Churchill had a mixed reception. It was thought that the last meeting achieved all that could be hoped for when, as a statement from 10 Downing Street put it at the time:

"The Ministers were agreed on the importance of maintaining the unity of the free nations of the West and on the necessity of early practical steps to give effect to this."

Is There a Doctor on the Beach?

THOSE who have openly envied America's heat-wave should remember that sunshine is no cure-all. A *Life* advertisement headed "Check These



Summer Medicine Chest Needs" is currently offering:

Antihistamine tablets	Throat solution
Eye-lotion	Heat rash lotion
Prickly heat powder	Athlete's Foot powder
Vitamin pills	Sunburn cream
Slimming wafers	Deodorant sprays
Corn remover	After-shave lotion
Antiseptic	Motion-sickness pills
Insect repellent	Cotton wool
Skin ointment	Mouthwash
Body foam	Waterproof bandages
Poison Ivy lotion	Body rub
Face tissues	Rubber gloves
Sugar substitute	Folding syringes.

Hands Across the Sea

THROUGH the world murk of industrial greed a beam of selflessness

shone out last week. Lancashire textile workers voted a thousand pounds to assist Japanese textile strikers in their fight against enforced sleeping in factory dormitories. Meanwhile the Ministry of Transport was pursuing a solution of its railway troubles, hoping to be spared further complications in the form of monetary support, from Japanese railwaymen, for British crews in *their* fight to sleep at home.

Petrifying Assignment

WILLESDEN Council, it is reported, are commissioning a piece of sculpture for a new development area, to be called "Family Group" and represent "a



typical Willesden family." Since the ultimate unveiling is bound to attract the B.B.C.'s outside broadcast cameras, the sculptor's problem will be to include a television receiver not identifiable with any known make.

Dilemma

AFTER the Manila *Bulletin* had come out last week with the full draft text of the proposed South-East Asia pact, still a highly secret document officially, American newspapermen conferred long and late in smoke-filled rooms. The question was whether to run angry editorials on faulty security in Washington, or get to press smartly with the *Bulletin's* material.

Watering It Down

JOAN GILBERT is back at Lime Grove. Viewers who were afraid that her stuff might be above their heads, after reading in the *Star* that her nine weeks' talent-scouting holiday had taken her to Rome, Paris, Cannes and Rheims, were relieved when she presented, last Thursday, a handyman showing how to mend chair springs.

Rhyme for the Times

THE biggest, thickest, blackest daily Is run by me, Sir William Haley; Will no one print your verse on Balliol? Just send it round: Sir William Haley'll.

A GATHERING of animals collected with the idea of protecting themselves against a Predatory Bear who had made numerous incursions into their particular jungle. The originator of this enterprise was an ageing lion who roared in a very convincing manner. Let them, he said, pool their resources—the cunning of the French Fox, the sting of the Benelux Adder, his own stupendous roar—and then, helped and sustained by the American Rhinoceros from afar, all would be well. At the same time, he went on, they must seek the co-operation of the German Eagle, a formidable creature, who only required a new set of claws to provide an essential accession of strength to their cause.

The project was acclaimed as both wise and necessary, and the animals separated to find means of putting it into practice. On reflection, however, the French Fox found the prospect of the German Eagle recovering his claws decidedly abhorrent. He had suffered atrociously from the strength and cruelty of these claws on several occasions in the past, and dreaded a repetition of the experience. In his foxy way, therefore, he devised a series of conditions for restoring the German Eagle's claws which were so ingenious and elaborate that many months passed

before the other animals could be persuaded to agree to them.

When agreement was at last procured, it was found that the ageing Lion had withdrawn to his lair, where he spent his time dozing and dreaming of joining the Predatory Bear in a loving hug. This put the American Rhinoceros in a great rage. In his distant habitat he splashed about furiously, and made strange incomprehensible noises. Thereupon, the French Fox, again in his foxy way, decided that the elaborate conditions for restoring the German Eagle's claws, so lengthily and laboriously devised, were, after all, unacceptable; and he, too, began to think hopefully of participating in the Predatory Bear's loving hug.

The Benelux Adder put out his poor little tongue in a gesture of futile dismay; the Eagle rose screaming into the sky, and began to wonder whether the Predatory Bear might not be more forthcoming than the other animals in the matter of restoring his former majesty, and the ageing Lion awoke fitfully to indulge in some inconclusive roaring. As for the Predatory Bear—he just laughed and laughed. His laughter was so loud that it reached even to the American Rhinoceros's distant habitat, making the Rhinoceros angrier than ever.

Thus did the efforts of these unfortunate animals to combine against the Predatory Bear only serve to expose their own individual and collective weakness and indecision. Instead of, as they had hoped, putting up such a show of strength that the Predatory Bear would be deterred from any further incursions into their particular jungle, he was encouraged to prepare for yet another spring forward, meanwhile offering them all the inestimable favour of a loving hug.

M. M.

6 6

AUTUMN NUMBER

NEXT week's *Punch*, though published as usual on Wednesday, priced 6d., is an Autumn Number, with four pages in colour and an unusual four-page sepia supplement in addition to thirty-two pages of articles and drawings in black-and-white.



Matrons and Molls

(A humble offering to the next American Musical)

IT'S a wonderful thing what a dame can do to a guy,
But most I mean the Amurrican Woman—and why?
She runs her home, and she rules her man, and she governs
the goddam town,
We put her on a Pedestal, sir, we give her a golden crown,
And my, how a guy will fry if he pulls her down!
For every Amurrican man
Is a lifelong fan and patron
Of that pillar of life,
The Amurrican Wife,
The Amurrican Maid or Matron.
But when we git by ourselves a bit
Where a man can speak without being hit,
Why, ain't it queer to hear such unsuitable names
Like skirts and dolls and janes and molls and broads and floozies
and dames!

Don't get me wrahng—
That don't last lahng,
It's only a nervous reflex,
Though you might guess
From the plays and the Press
That we knew nothing but sex.



You'd think we wuz nerts
On dolls and skirts
And—this is what hurts—
On floozies,
And a guy's one aim
Wuz an undraped dame,
And one with a name
For boozes.
But they're all up there on the Pedestal, sir,
We boys are just Big Brothers:
We don't mean dirt when we speak of "skirt"
But the League of Amurrican Mothers.

The Queen of Sheba'd a full significant life,
But she wuz a small-town mouse to a Washington wife
Who's President Ike and the Kremlin boss, Queen Liz and
the Pope of Rome:
Her man looks up with a crick in the neck like he looks at a
class church dome,
And there ain't no Statue of Liberty in the home.
For every Amurrican guy
Has a kind of a shy Mom-worship,
And if he could choose
For a two-year cruise
He'd fight for a berth on her ship.
But when he's safe in the smoke-room bar
And the Moms cain't hear what he says that far,
Why, what a queer thing, he'll sing unsuitable verse
About skirts and dolls and janes and molls and frails and floozies
and worse!

Of course, he don't refer to his Mom by such low names,
But who would have guessed he reverenced ALL Amurrican
dames?

A. P. H.

Gibraltar, Here I Come

By ANTHONY CARSON

ONE evening I was sitting with a friend in an Arab café in Tangier drinking mint tea with orange flowers. It had been rather a dreadful day. For some reason or other we had made a pact with each other to keep Ramadan. This meant abstaining from all food, drink, smoking or sex from sunrise to sunset. At sunset they fired a cannon and people beat tin cans and tore into the pastry shops and buried their teeth into honey cakes, and spent the rest of the night eating, drinking, smoking and making love. They were encouraged by flutes and pipes which throbbed unearthly consolations from tower and market place. All were so exalted by the divine tension that it made the faces of the Europeans, by comparison, almost fantastically sombre and bored.

Obviously neither of us had made the grade, and possibly it was our expressions which induced an Arab to approach us and sit at our table. We shared his kif pipe, and then he pulled some cylindrical objects from under his djellabah and offered them to us. "Fine for Ramadan," he said. "What do we do with these?" I asked him. "Eat them with tea," he said, bowed and disappeared. I put one of the objects, which was wrapped in coloured paper, into the back portion of my wallet and fastened the zip.

Two days later my friend Charles and I left for Spain. In Tangier everyone sooner or later acquires an obsession about money. No transaction can be direct, but must pass through four or five money changers and at least three banks. Nothing is gained, but one feels sly and clever. One's face becomes cunning. Before leaving for Spain I procured a draft on a bank in Gibraltar. This roundabout transaction, which gained me nothing, forced us to take a boat to Algeciras, then a ferry to Gibraltar, then a ferry back to Algeciras.

It was an oddly stormy crossing and we were glad to draw into the Rock, safe as a bank on a Saturday afternoon, sheltered by its neat British cloud. Then we veered to port and entered the harbour of Algeciras. We left our luggage in the *consigna* and took the ferry across to Gibraltar. "It'll be good to get some English beer," said Charles.

As we approached the quay-side we could see battleships, flags, and there was a brass band clearing its throat. We climbed down out of the ferry and waved at a taxi which seemed to take us towards the main street. "Beer," cried Charles to the driver. But at that moment a London policeman appeared and quickly stopped the taxi. It might have been Cumberland Terrace. "Passports, please," he asked. We produced our passports and then another policeman walked over to us and asked us in quiet conversational tones if we had any

firearms, knives or explosives. "Or incendiary material of any kind," he added helpfully. Laughingly we denied this. "Have you any money?" Charles stated an amount. "I have no money. I have to get a draft on a bank," I said. "May I see your wallets?" he asked, as though he was politely interested in leather-work. "Certainly," we said, pleased to encourage his hobby.

He ran his fingers over them and suddenly pointed at mine. "What is this bulge?" he asked. "That bulge?" I repeated. "Yes," he said. "Would it



"I'll take it round here, Pablo—that shutter's jammed."

be a lighter?" "It might be a lighter," I said. I could hear my voice going down in a lift, stopping at the floors. "But here," I said "is my cheque. And here are some photographs of Marrakesh, Tiznit and the Atlas mountains at sunrise. The Atlas mountains are very high. They are very beautiful." The policeman was very polite. He looked at my cheque and studied all the photographs. "And now," he repeated, "the bulge. May I see it?" "Certainly," I said. I pulled open the zip and drew out the cylindrical package. "Now, what may this be?" asked the policeman. "A sort of chewing-gum, I think," I said. My voice had reached ground floor and was going down to the basement. I could hear a long sigh from Charles. "I see," said the policeman. "If you don't mind I will take this chewing gum into the office. Kindly stay in the taxi."

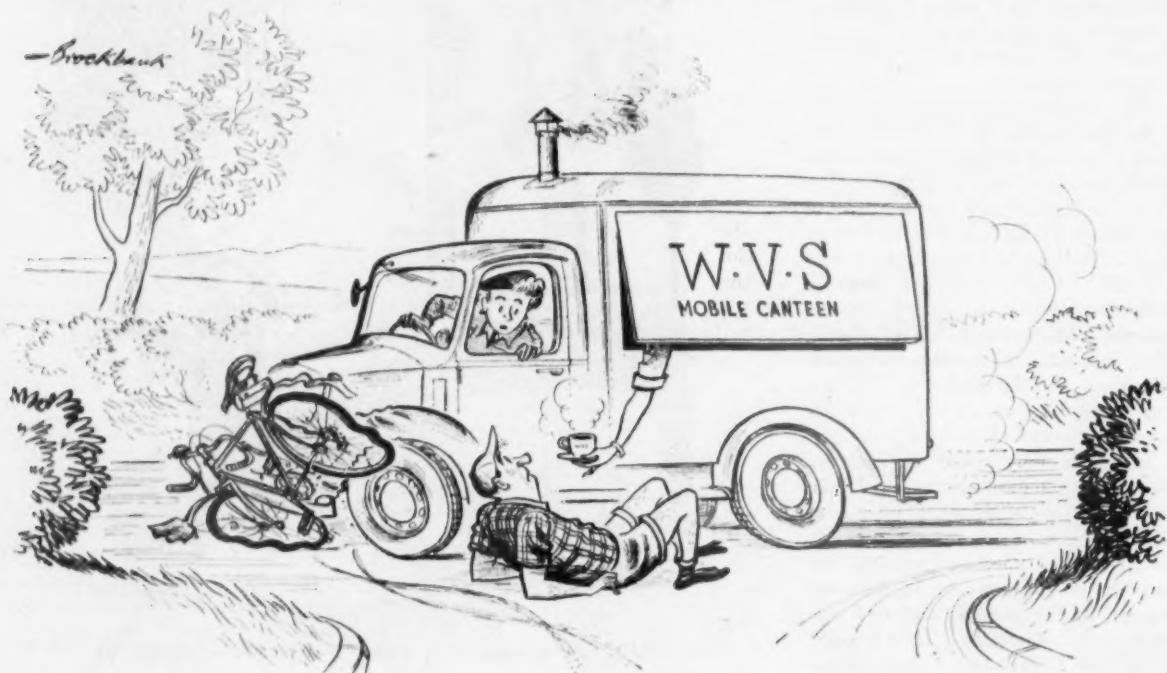
We sat in the taxi, waiting. "No beer," said Charles. "Incidentally it might be an aphrodisiac." "Would that help?" I asked. "It might. It would be completely useless in Gibraltar." We went on waiting. Finally the policeman reappeared and invited me into the office. "Take a seat," he said. "Here is the prosecutor." A large man in a grey suit approached me. "Are you sure this

is chewing-gum?" he said. The room was filling with the shadow of Dostoevsky. "It might be an aphrodisiac," I murmured hopefully. "Might be," repeated the prosecutor. "Surely that is a very astonishing statement to make?" "It was given to me in an Arab café in Tangier," I said. "It was Ramadan and people get very excited." "I am sending it to the public analyst," said the prosecutor. "Meanwhile will you have the goodness to be searched?"

I looked desperately at the window which led into the luminous trivial avenues of freedom and casual seats under trees. I stood up and handed over notebooks, bus tickets, and crumpled sheets of paper containing the beginnings of articles. "What else have you in your pockets?" asked the prosecutor. "Loose tobacco," I announced with feeble joviality, pulling out the linings of my pockets and pouring a cascade of dust and cigarette butts on to the floor. The chief of police bent forward, scrutinizing me. "Is this a constant habit of yours?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Why?" "I can't seem to find ashtrays," I answered, trying to speak with loud flippancy, but my voice tripped over something, fell and expired. My face must have looked extraordinarily idiotic, because the prosecutor examined it for a long time

without saying anything. Then he left the room.

I sat alone for some time, wondering what was happening to my friend, and then suddenly remembered the notebooks. What had I written in them? Although they mainly contained information about tribal customs in Morocco, I had an appalling suspicion that the customs weren't all tribal. Hadn't I confided to one of the notebooks about the night in Tiznit? The beach at Azadir? The Rawakesh? The things about Lola? Or Zara? Or even Hilda? Pornography and drug-trafficking make an unsavoury combination, and I mentally waved good-bye to my editors, my agent, my publisher, and my landlady. At last three police officers entered the room, and one of them offered me a cigarette. "If you wish to go to the bank," said one of them, "you will have to proceed under escort." I accepted the offer. "Would you prefer the escort to walk slightly behind you or beside you?" he asked tactfully. "Presumably you do not wish to draw attention. The Queen is due to arrive, and there are one hundred and sixty newspaper men in the town looking for copy." I thanked him for this information, and we walked out of the room into the miracle of the ordinary



day. Charles was there, waiting, looking pale. "You are quite free, sir," said one of the officers to him. "You may return to Spain." "I'll wait for my friend," said Charles, stabbing me with a look of guilty loathing. I could imagine what he thought. Months on the Rock, good staunch old pal, visiting days Fridays, getting the booze for the Release day party.

We set off for the bank, and I changed my cheque, desperately chatting to the cashier as though he were an intensely respectable magician able to ward off ruin. Then we wandered down the decorated main street, jostling journalists, women in hard felt hats, and red-faced men off golf-courses. It was like Bexhill *en fête*. I had to have a drink. Charles had to have a drink. We mentioned this to the escort, and we walked into a large half-hearted Spanish café. "No beer," said the proprietor. "Tea, coffee, meat-extracts, or aerated waters."

We returned to the police station. "Sit down," said the prosecutor. I sat down. "Now, do you know the Kleinfeld gang?" he asked me, pouncingly. "No," I said guiltily. My face showed I knew the Kleinfeld gang. The twitch at the corner of my mouth proved I had been with them for years. "Do you know Carl Eckerman alias Shark O'Mulligan?" "No," I replied, my life-long association with Shark O'Mulligan, the long years of drug-peddling, written in my eyes. "What is this about?" he asked, waving one of the wretched notebooks in front of my face. "Notes for articles," I said. "Mostly on religious observances in Southern Morocco. I am a correspondent." "Are you writing an article on Hilda?" he asked. "No," I said. "Who is Hilda?" "A woman," I said. "And Lola?" "Also a woman," I said. The prosecutor gazed at me for a long time. Then he walked away and returned with another official and various policemen. They looked at me. The second official had a strangely reassuring face as though he understood all about Hilda and the religious observances and the Arab café. Or else it really was chewing gum. The air was suddenly lighter and I began to breathe easily. Liberty lounged outside the door in the half-British sunshine.

"Is this man with Kleinfeld?" asked the prosecutor, "or is he merely an

idiot?" The second official sat down slowly. "An idiot," he said with a laugh, picking up one of the notebooks and looking at it. "Magic in Morocco," he quoted softly, smiling. "It sounds terrible," I said in a really loud voice, "but it's actually about a conjurer." The prosecutor sighed and looked down at the floor. One of the policemen started to write in a ledger. It was almost as if they had forgotten about me.

They gave me back my passport and Charles and I walked very delicately towards the Algeciras ferry. "You shouldn't have slapped that policeman on the back," said Charles. "You're right," I said. Every step towards the ferry was part of a perilous game.

When we got on board we walked into the saloon, sat down and ordered drinks. We talked very fast about the long morning, boasting, ironing out our fright, breathing. "Obviously the ferry is crammed with informers," said Charles. "Obviously," I said. But we couldn't stop talking. The ship started to move. Charles took off his hat and a cylindrical object wrapped in coloured paper fell out of the lining.

Frank, anyway

"General Nursing Home 14 beds. Good reputation locally and with London hospitals. Only reason for selling, ill-health of owner." *Daily Telegraph*



For Perusal and Retention

By LORD KINROSS

IN this age of enlightenment, when nearly everybody is learning to read and write, the morning's mail provides a feast of improving literature. Every day the postman brings us, free of charge and addressed personally to ourselves, a store of educative matter which, in a single week, has covered such various topics as rabbit-trapping and commercial television, pools (football) and waterways (inland), pit-ponies, heraldry, the safety of electrical installations, and spiritualism "in a nutshell."

Some of these communications are clearly more urgent than others, and these, of course, we open first. "This is your lucky day!" says an envelope, and we find inside the chance to "save 3d." and improve our complexion. "Open at once. Contents worth money," says a second, its contents inviting us to "Boil Spotless!" and save a shilling. A third comes, even more urgently, by express delivery from a gentleman in Hampstead, representing the elders of the people of Uganda, who demands of us that the Right Hon. Sir Winston Spencer Churchill shall retire now.

A shade less urgent, but a lot more constant, is a gentleman who writes to us each week from Budleigh Salterton, Devon, marking his envelope "For Perusal and Retention Please," sometimes "Important," and, once a month or so, "For Immediate Action Please." Whiling away those long hours of leisure with which the age endows us, we peruse and retain, in serial typescript, a proposed solution for the problem of world trade (on the basis that no one would have to work for money), a disquisition on the ratio of the charge to the mass as the speed of an electron (v) increases (as observed in deflection experiments on cathode rays), or a brief history of modern Egypt and East Africa, with simple solutions for their future. For East Africa he proposes:

(a) Tell the Mau Mau leaders to proclaim to their followers that their oaths and ceremonies are pure mumbo jumbo, and that in future those who ignore them are not to be harmed in any way. Anybody caught molesting anybody else will be given an appropriate number of strokes with a kiboko.

(b) All Mau Mau prisoners can then be released and at the same time all British troops can be withdrawn.

These complex problems being thus satisfactorily resolved in our minds, we turn to a plan for Universal Brotherhood, presented by "a people's movement for WORLD reORGANIZATION, politically, economically, socially and spiritually," writing not from Budleigh Salterton but from Universal House, in Bayswater; or by the New Group of World Servers, writing from the international headquarters of "World Goodwill," at Tunbridge Wells (with branches at Geneva and New York). The *immediate* objectives of its Plan for Humanity are to raise the level of the human consciousness and to clarify the international situation. The Servers, whom we are invited to support, will educate thinking people "in the principles of goodwill and right relations," and they in turn will educate the masses, awakening in them "an intelligent response, an ardent desire and a right activity."

Coming down to earth, we peruse but do not retain a translation from the Arabic of an article on Guy's Hospital, then open a parcel from Newcastle-on-Tyne, containing a box of broncholaryngeal pastilles as used by such various personalities as the late Lily Langtry and Her Majesty's Receiver-General in the Isle of Man: "a perfect boon to speakers, singers, schoolteachers auctioneers, and others who have to exert their voice. Clergymen declare them invaluable. Barristers, solicitors, commercial travellers, and others having much talking consider them matchless for the throat."

Instantly relieved, we turn to more personal correspondence.

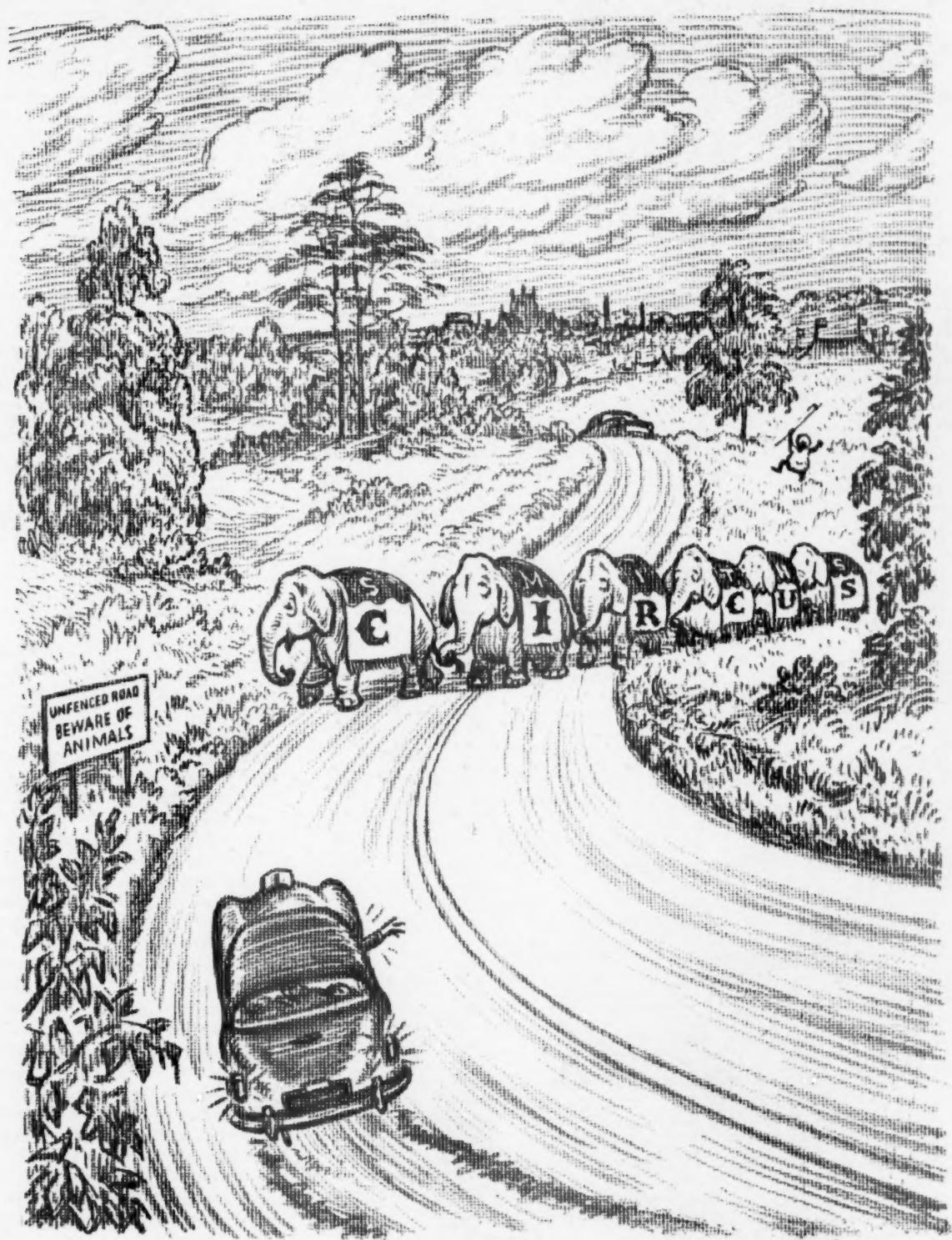
A planter of tea from Assam thinks we might be diverted by a letter he has received from a "humble admirer", reading: "My Su-Su is plagued by crying and trumpeting elephants, and being myself somewhat past prime and somewhat fearful of beasts of prey I am unable to prevail against them. Sir, excuse and forgive impertinence when I request you to proceed at your kind honour's leisure to my Su-Su and destroy one or two or even more of these oppressive creatures . . . P.S., I have one weapon belonging since long time in my family with some bullets no doubt first class used sometime ago by my cousin brother, one renowned shikari, now deceased by charging elephant in backside. You are happy to use these armaments as your own."

And "Obedient and faithful servant," with a central European name, writes from Ladysmith Avenue at Seven Kings, asking to submit the MS of a short story, "so as to get authentic opinion on whether I may be a writer (or whatever else is wrong with me?) I have had, so far, a very vivid and useless life on both sides of the 'Iron Curtain,' and had all sorts of jobs and other privations. The job in which I did not fail has not yet been invented. But, of course, I did not try to be a writer yet."

My correspondent explains that the story in question has been written on top of a chimney "where I was supposed to investigate the properties of a Television Aerial. It deals with China, a country of which I know nothing. You may think that . . . a man should write about a subject he knows something about, and then he should not do it on a chimney, in some firm's time, but in his own time at home, but, you see, I am not firmly established in any house, nor in any trade, and so I have to do these trespasses, you will understand, whenever opportunity tempts me."

Of all this volume of correspondence only one letter deserves, and receives, an immediate answer. It comes from a gentleman in New York, and reads: "As an admirer of your personality I shall treasure an autograph of you. You will make me happy in sending it to me." Happiness is his.







Farnborough Section

Shooting a Line

By CHARLES GARDNER

IT is usually in June that the Farnborough commentators begin to get letters from the manufacturers of aircraft, or from their accredited representatives. There are three categories of letters which can be tabulated as: Cat 1, Cat 2, Cat 3.

In a Category 1 letter the "My dear" is handwritten in ink, and so is the "Yours ever" bit at the end. Christian names are used throughout. The average contents are as follows:

"We all thought you did a splendid job last year in pointing out the unique qualities of our aircraft. For your guidance I attach notes on our exhibits for this year's display.

Yours ever,

JOE

(Sir Joseph McTaggart, K.B.E.,
Chairman and Managing Director,
Splendiforous Aircraft Ltd.)"

(There are very few Category 1 letters.)

The Category 2 specimens, with

which the writer is much more familiar, are typed more in pain than in anger. There are no chummy bits in handwriting, and no Christian names:

"Enclosed please find the full details of all our aircraft and of the thirty-two exhibits on our stand. Last year it was noticed by members of the Board that many of the points to which we attached a certain importance were hardly touched upon in your commentary. It may be that we ourselves were partly to blame in not bringing the main items sufficiently to your attention. I have, therefore, underlined, on the enclosures, all the features which we trust you will find the opportunity of mentioning this year. For your further guidance is also attached our idea of the running commentary which you should deliver while our aircraft are on display.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM E. MORTIMER
(Chief Public Relations Officer,
Magnificent Aircraft Ltd.)"

Enc. (7)

The Category 3 letters are more to the point:

"In view of the universal complaints last year when you failed even to mention that, in addition to two hundred passengers, our 'Nonsuch' aircraft can carry 224 pounds (lb) of freight, we have asked our Mr. Austin to assist you with the commentary during the flying period allotted to our aircraft. Mr. Austin is an experienced commentator, and was well praised for his public-address description of our last works gala.

Yours etc.,

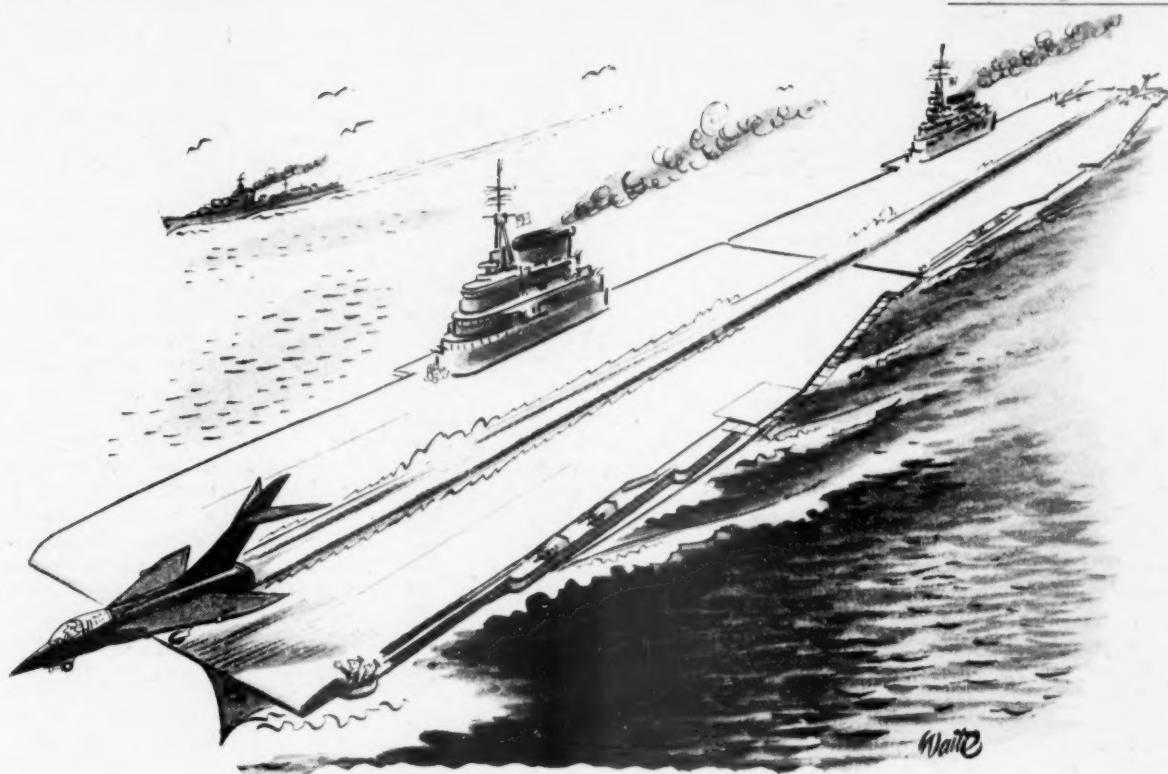
GEORGE JONES
(Deputy Assistant P.R.O.,
Nonsuch Aircraft Ltd.)"

By the end of August there are two large files covering Cat. 2 and Cat. 3. There is a much smaller file (I used the wallet section of a pocket book) for Cat. 1.

By the morning of the show, however, the commentator has courageously resolved most things fairly clearly in his own mind. For the aircraft which are in the heavy or the light circus, and which will occupy the undivided attention of the spectators for some 45 seconds each (minus twenty seconds when noise will drown whatever he says) — he will not use the eight-hundred-word description of the interior fittings which has been supplied under Cat. 2. For aircraft, however, which are doing individual demonstrations (6 minutes) he will use the underlined bits in the first two pages of the Cat. 2 (enclosures), but will ignore the fact that the patent variable condenser in the radio set is of a revolutionary design, a sectioned model of same being visible on Stand No. 4684 in the Accessories Tent.

He then goes to the test pilots' tent for the morning briefing, and to get some notes on the order in which the drivers are going to perform their various evolutions:





"... Mind you, it's a wonderful plane."

"I shall then come back across the field inverted, roll out, and pull straight up for a rocket climb, finishing with two upward Oswaldtwistles. Don't forget to say that this shows a rate of roll which can only be achieved with perfectly balanced power ailerons, which, let me tell you, old boy, this aeroplane has certainly got."

"Seriously—the elevators and rudder on the naval job are as good as I've ever known, and I'd be glad if you'd mention this when I'm doing the loop and the spin. She comes out in a turn and a half. Wouldn't be a bad idea if you counted it out loud."

"I shall start getting supersonic about 30,000, and I'll try to aim the bang at the middle of the field. I'll call up on the R/T when we start—but, if the bang misses, couldn't you clap two pieces of wood near the microphone like they do at the B.B.C.?"

"I shall fly past on all four—then on three, then on two, and then I shall do a climbing turn on one. I don't think the boss would like it if you said anything about it not being at full all-up weight."

On the control tower roof Peter Berry is, as usual, the only man who has a complete grip on what is going on.

He is connected to the R/T in one ear, and to the tower by the other. Through the years he has perfected the art of dumb-show to call the commentators' attention to any doubly underlined Cat. 2 point in danger of being missed. Peter also has a jug of orange juice and two glasses.

One's notes are all ready and in correct order, and are held down by two bricks.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen . . . the first item . . . is the heavy circus led by the fabulous (Nonsuch) airliner which . . ."

Peter does a dumb-show indicating in one movement—

(a) That the Nonsuch is having hydraulic pressure trouble and may not take part.

(b) That if it does it will do a fast fly-past and not a slow one with flaps down.

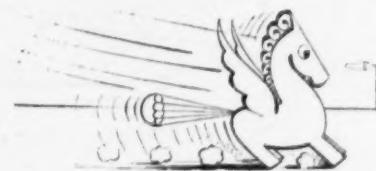
(c) That I have missed an opportunity of mentioning a Cat. 2 double-underliner, and the Company's representative is just behind.

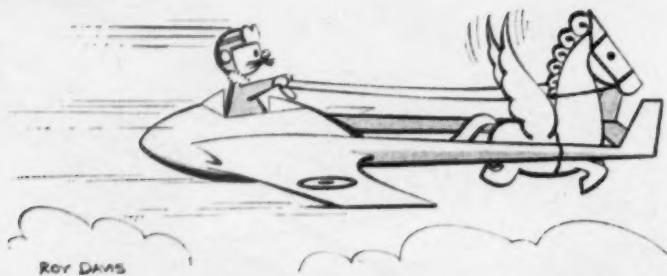
(d) That the Magnifico Transport is also preparing to take off and is simultaneously unloading two tanks, a London bus and four 25-pounder

guns in 26 seconds dead. (Thanks to the Easihoist power-ramp: Stand No. 9642.)

The Farnborough Show is on . . .

It so happens that last year I myself joined the British Aircraft Industry, and as a result relinquished active part in the public address commentaries at Farnborough. And now, as Farnborough 1954 is with us, it so happens that I have to write a letter on behalf of our particular part of the aircraft industry. It is to Major Oliver Stewart, who has borne the real heat and burden of the Farnborough commentaries to date. It is a simple letter. It merely draws attention to fifty-three main selling points of our aircraft, and, for guidance, I am attaching seven (7) enclosures underlining those points.





ROY DAVIS

For Your Ease of Mind

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

NOTHING spoils an air trip like not understanding what is going on. The sudden flashing of lights from the control tower, men rushing up a second before take-off and waving their arms at the pilot, involuntary exclamations from the steward as he points down through the darkness out of a starboard porthole—things like this give the uninformed flyer a momentary sense of disquiet.

This is ridiculous, of course. Why, one airline alone flew 31,609,000 miles last year, and if anything in the least untoward happened during a single mile of it, no one thought it important enough, in getting out the annual figures, to say so. Over two million passengers went up, and it is possible to scrutinize the Company's published statistics without coming across a single case of non-arrival.

That some fairly elaborate system of organization and control lies behind this apparently effortless efficiency is a thought that strikes every air passenger; and he would do well to hang on to it.

The best recipe for healthy relaxation in the air is a working knowledge of the rudiments of aeronautics, and a copy of the official *Lexicon of Terms Used in Connexion with International Civil Aviation* supplies this need admirably. One of its many attractions is that

French and Spanish versions of everything are given, so that if you are flying French and hear the air hostesses muttering together with such phrases as



ROY DAVIS

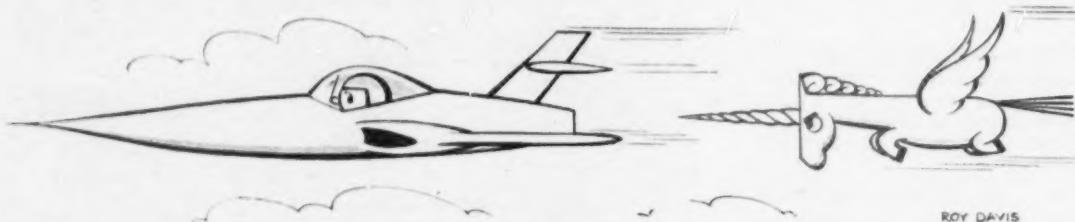
"procédure de détresse" or "phare de danger" you will know that it is simply something about distress procedure and a beacon used to designate a danger to air navigation. In the same way, flying South American over the Andes, it can be very alarming when the co-pilot starts yammering about the plane's "idoneidad para el aterrizaje violento." Once you know that he only means its "crash-ability" (Fr.: aptitude

à l'atterrissement强制) you can just sit back and snooze.

Again—still in the Spanish zone—if you find that you haven't a parachute, and want to ask for one, you can easily get flustered if you don't know the word for it. It would be fatal to try to translate from the official English description, "An apparatus which, by the unfolding of a surface of an appropriate form, permits the reduction of the falling speed of a body by means of the reactions of the air on that surface"; much better to memorize the word "paracaidas" which, as is generally agreed all over Spain, South America and thereabouts, has a certain music all its own. It's well worth the trouble, even to be told that there aren't any.

Dip anywhere into this reassuring lexicon and you will find something of interest. You will soon be able to understand what experienced fliers are discussing when an emergency landing is coming along (*aterrizaje con daños*); they are peering down and considering the effective length of a landing surface (*longueur utile d'une surface d'atterrissement*), wondering whether the pilot, if he decides to try it, will be able to see through the approaching *tempête de poussière*, or dust storm. Then you, too, can join in the conversation (*conversazione*), perhaps throwing in an occasional witty reference to the chances of "acrobatic flight" during which the centre of gravity of the aeroplane moves on a cylinder of very small radius and with an approximately vertical axis, the longitudinal axis of the aeroplane being itself approximately vertical and the average angle of incidence having a very small value"—or, as the Spaniards have it, *picado en espiral*.

Anyway, take the book along, and keep yourself in the picture. It's the unknown that humanity fears—like the chances of barging into one of those old magnetic mines just outside Dieppe, in a cross-Channel steamer.



ROY DAVIS



"Last year it was seaweed flies."

Slower than Sound is Fast Enough for Me

I CANNOT persuade myself of the need for supersonic travel,

Except to go faster than a Russian who is trying to get here first.

Nothing but military necessity can justify a rate of motion
Which is mere fantastic at its safest, and must be fatal at its worst.

There will always be a class of people who, faced with an Atlantic crossing,

Genuinely prefer for the fun of it to do it in a submarine:
Who would rather go to the office in the morning on a rocket or a Giant Racer

Than do it sedately and in comfort on the ordinary eight-fifteen.

But they are specialists, the speed-men, with a supersonic scale of values,

Made for, and in love with, motion, wedded to endurance as an art:

Supermen, every one of them, and therefore outside my ambit;
Good men, many of them heroes, but members of a race apart.

Let me enjoy my jets as something to be seen in motion,
Beautiful, destructive creatures, streaking in a screaming sky;

But if there have got to be men in them, let them be special models:

Some may be perfect for the purpose; but not, quite definitely, I.

P. M. HUBBARD

Farnborough Section

The advertisement is framed by a decorative border. At the top left, a character in a top hat and coat is shown operating a ceiling-mounted 'Ceiling Decobwebber'. To the right, a woman in a 'Lenglen' model helicopter is depicted performing a tennis serve. Below these, the main title is displayed in a large, ornate, decorative font:

Introducing
The Whirliebird RANGE
PERSONAL HELICOPTERS

Below the title, a circular inset shows a castle-like structure with three helicopter blades on top, labeled 'The Baronial MODEL'. A small note at the bottom of this inset reads: 'Fast lift for visiting that well-connected friend.'

On the right side, a woman in a 'Lenglen' model helicopter is shown performing a tennis serve. The text next to her reads:

The Lenglen
PROVIDES THAT EXTRA NET-CLEARING LIFT SO ESSENTIAL TO THE GRACEFUL WINNING GESTURE.

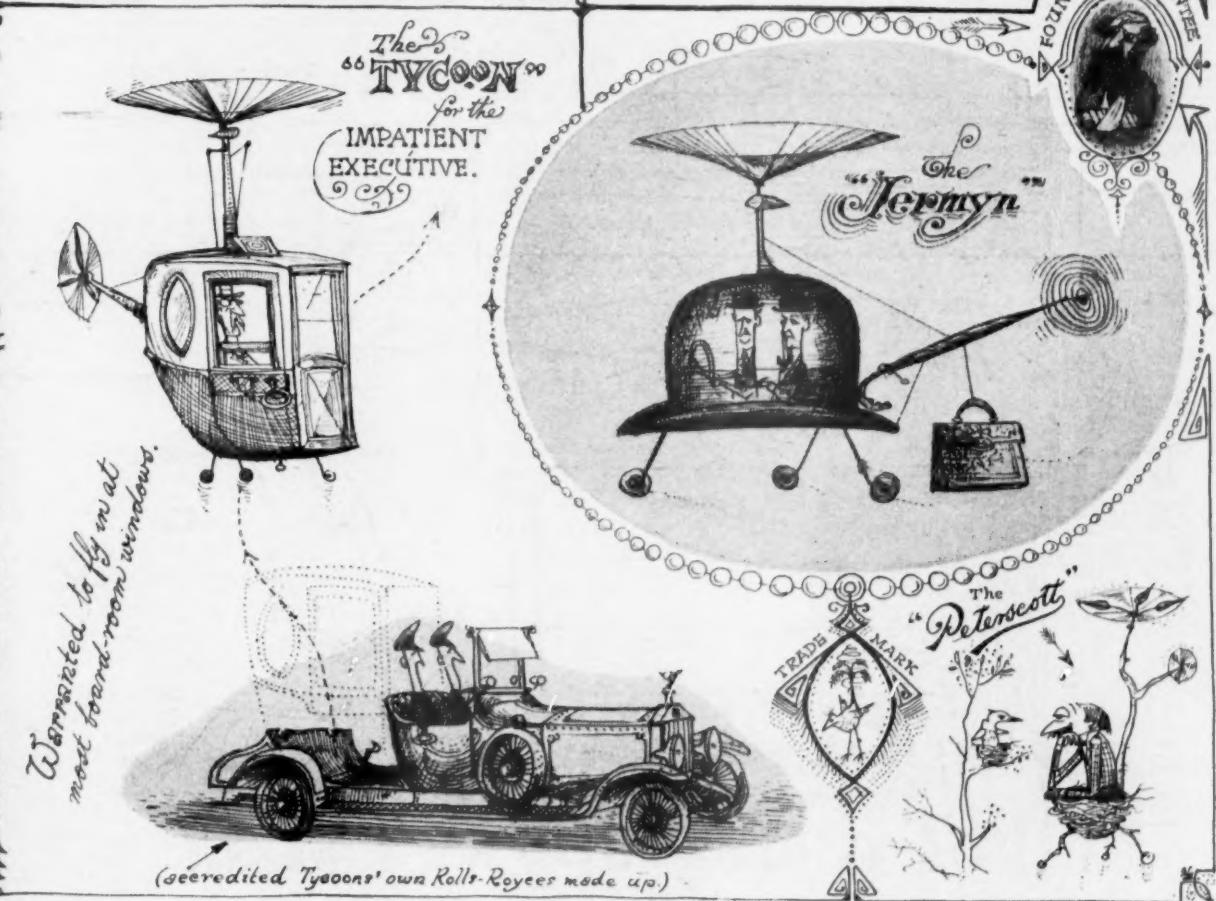
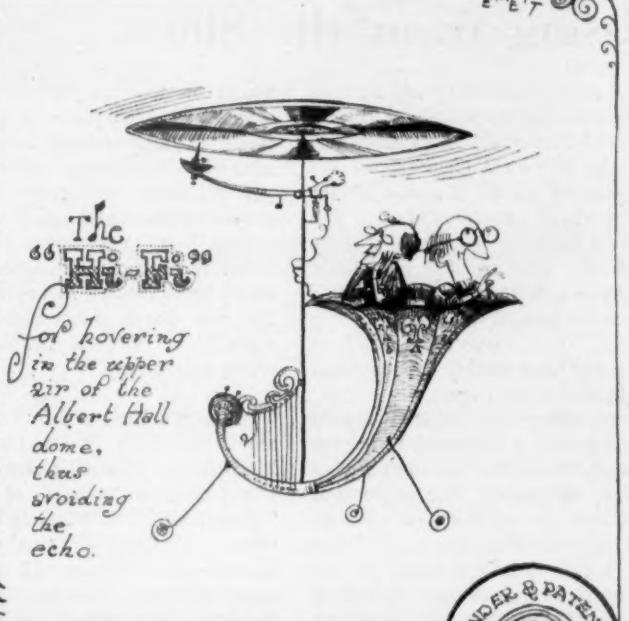
A note below this illustration states: 'Ladies model really afficed with unobtrusive bandeau.'

At the bottom right, a woman in a 'Lotus' model helicopter is shown performing a tennis serve. The text next to her reads:

The Lotus
ESCAPIST MODEL

A note below this illustration states: 'SPECIAL COSTUME SUPPLIED WITH EACH LOTUS MODEL.'

E. METT



Missing from the Show

By H. F. ELLIS

IT'S very delightful to see all these Venoms and Viscounts and Vulcans and Valiants and Westland-Sikorskys and—Is that a Chipmunk? No? Oh!—and of course it makes all the difference having someone like you who knows all about it. But what I'd really like to see, speaking if I may for a moment as a literary man, a reader of books as the layman would say . . .

Missed it! I haven't the knack of turning my head quickly enough when these fighters come over.

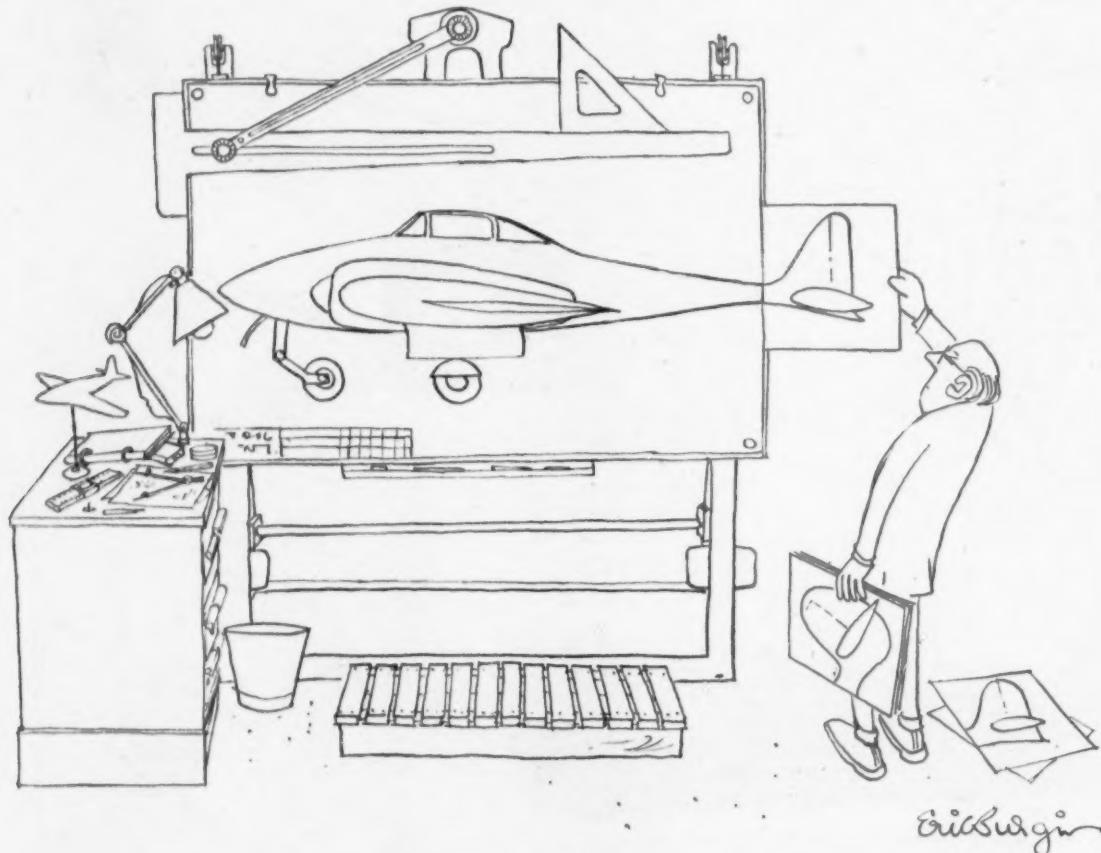
I was saying that what I should really like to see included in the programme would be Monson's Flying Machine, Appleton's Monoplane, and the Great Brown-Pericord Motor. What? My dear chap, is it possible that a man as knowledgeable about aircraft as yourself has never even heard of Monson's Flying Machine and the

Great Brown-Pericord . . . ? Well! Appleton's Monoplane, I grant you, might be difficult to place. Appleton, after all, was an assumed name. Perhaps you will recognize it more readily as the *Schwarzestein* model. No? Allow me, in that case, to jot down a few notes about these three remarkable craft—rough specifications, as you would say. You may like to glance through them, while these infernal helicopters are trying to be funny.

MONSON'S FLYING MACHINE. Presented by H. G. Wells, Ltd. Pilot: Mr. Monson himself, assisted by Mr. Woodhouse with cries of "Now!" "Too much!" and "Too far!" in that order. Powered by two petroleum engines mounted fore and aft on the small cylindrical fuselage. Paraffin-fuelled. The wings ("monstrous flat

frameworks with curved front borders" in the sponsor's official phraseology) work rigidly together, and can be tilted up or down by means of the steering wheel housed in a canoe-like recess. Alternatively, by releasing a pin (an unusual feature) one wing can be tilted through a small angle independently of the other; but the use of this control is not advocated except in extreme emergency. The last recorded occasion on which an attempt was made to release the pin resulted, it may be remembered, in the loss of the prototype of this interesting machine and the destruction of "the solid mass of masonry which was formerly the Royal College of Science."

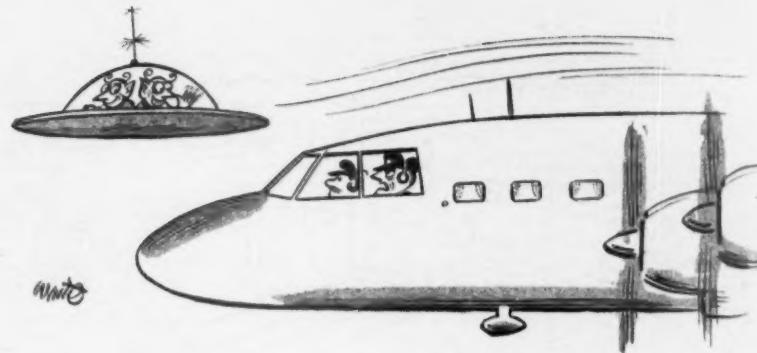
Details of performance are scanty. The positioning of the single large white propeller at the extreme rear, in place of a tail, precludes hovering, which



calls, as the plane's sponsor himself points out, for "an almost vertical adjustment of a flat tail." Indeed, Mr. Wells admits that the machine was not only not designed to hover but is also "incapable of fluttering." A serious drawback. Maximum speeds, on the other hand, are surprisingly high. In a report, fortunately still extant, of the prototype's ill-fated test flight (*circa* 1900) we read "They had been a thousand feet above Coombe and Malden [now New Malden] station: fifty seconds later they whizzed, at a frightful pace, not eighty feet above the East Putney station, on the Metropolitan District line, to the screaming astonishment of a platform full of people. Monson flung up the vans against the air . . ." Thus, as anyone with a ruler and map may verify for himself, the average velocity of this early model in a not very steep (two degree) dive over the four and a quarter mile course was some 307 m.p.h. Its *terminal* velocity, at the moment when Monson wisely flung up the vans, cannot in the absence of further data be calculated, but it is safe to say that it was never approached again, much less exceeded, for over thirty years.

A peculiarity of Monson's Flying Machine is that it has to be launched from a kind of switchback—"a massive alley of interlacing iron and timber, and an enormous web of ropes and tackle, extending the best part of two miles." This may account for its absence, up to now, from the Farnborough Show.

THE GREAT BROWN-PERICORD MOTOR. Presented by A. Conan Doyle and Sons. Pilotless. A machine of original design, many details of which are still on the secret list. Powered by a small square metal receptacle, of which nothing is known except that it emits, when in operation, "a subtle odour of



"Better log it 12.47 hours, optical illusion due to refraction of light."

ozone." However, an authoritative report says that Francis Pericord's workshop off the Strand, where the motor was assembled, is (or was) littered with "giant carboys, Faure's accumulators, voltaic piles, coils of wire, and great blocks of non-conducting porcelain," and this, in the view of experts, suggests that the motor is electrically driven. Lift is obtained from two aluminium-alloy flanges, each three foot by seven, rotating on (according to one account) "flapping" on the end of arms attached to two powerful projecting joints. The only provision for passengers is a broad steel girdle, clipped or buckled about the waist.

This economical helicopter-type machine has, so far as is known, made only two test flights, both successful. On the first occasion it lifted a sack of bricks up to the rafters of a Sussex barn, in little more time than it takes two men to have a fatal quarrel; and later that same night, without modification or overhaul, it bore the dead body of Jeremy Brown, the well-known mechanician, out to sea. A further recommendation is that the whole thing, with flanges dismantled, can be carried in a four-wheeler.

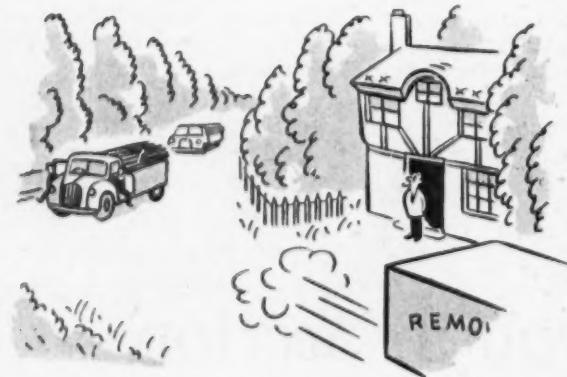
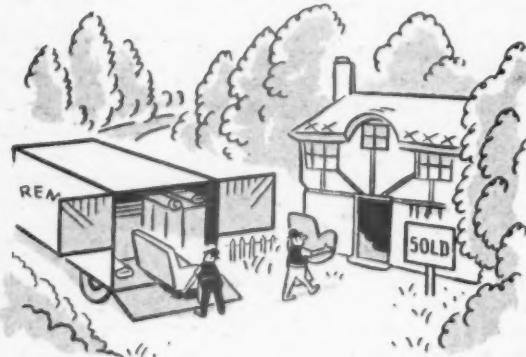
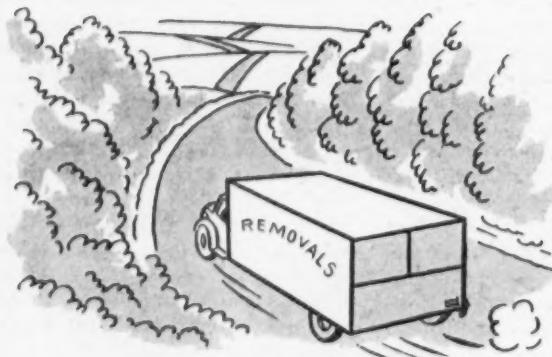
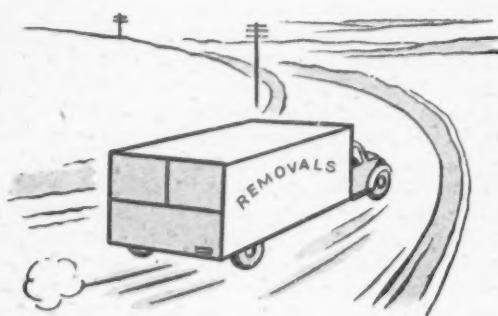
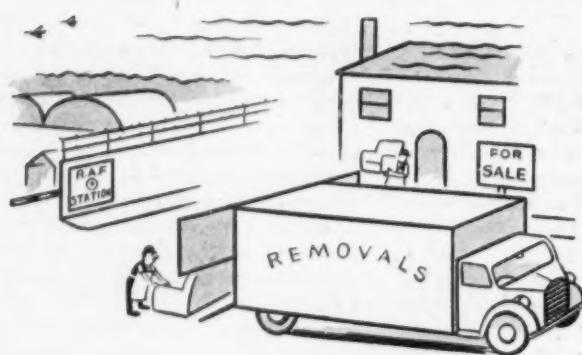
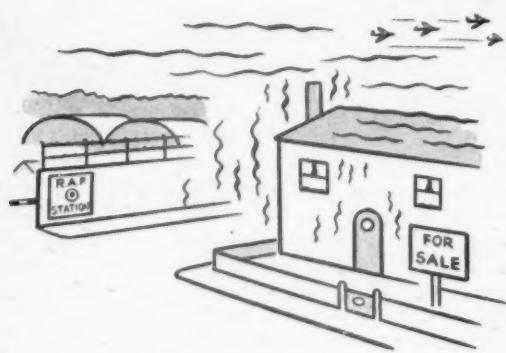
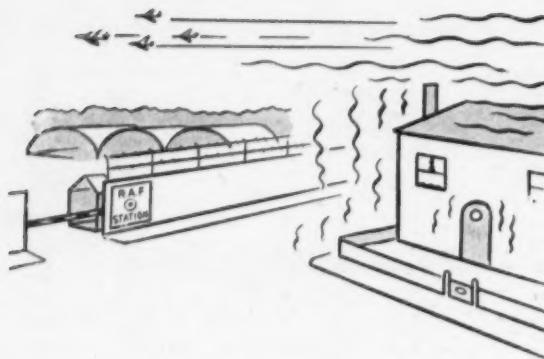
APPLETON'S MONOPLANE. Presented

by John Buchan. This single-engined monoplane, believed to be of German manufacture, was flying at least as recently as the summer of 1914 and might be supposed to be of much more conventional design than either of the two models already described. But a competent observer, who had the good fortune to catch a glimpse of it while advantageously placed on the roof of a dovecot, has reported "The aeroplane was late. The gloaming was far advanced when I heard the beat of wings and saw it vol-planing downward to its home in the wood." About its destination he may, in the uncertain light, have blundered; but his hearing would be in no way affected, and Hannay was not the man to mistake the beat of wings. It seems safe to conclude that Appleton's machine, though it may not have been designed to hover, was certainly capable of fluttering. That alone should make it a popular addition to the present Show. It could also "rise in swift whorls," which is more than this Supermarine Naval Attacker we are just about to observe . . .

Not a Naval Attacker? Tut! I was misled for a moment by the subtle odour of ozone.



End of Farnborough Section



The Journal of Edwin Carp

February 13th, 1936

ALTHOUGH Miss Costaine has made her home with us for the past four years, she is, by temperament, so reserved that only the most formal relationship is possible with her. That she is a lady is obvious. (Never have I seen a tea-cup handled with more grace.) Slender, almost to the point of emaciation, Miss Costaine affects rather flowing garments. She is a member of the Primrose Hill Folk Dancing Academy, is learning the clavichord and receives quantities of correspondence from the Southwark Psychical Research Society.

These facts, coupled with the lady's age, make it difficult for me to believe that the events of last night actually took place. Were it not that evidence exists to the contrary, I would swear that I had been the victim of some ghastly nightmare.

After making Mother comfortable with *The Mighty Atom*, by Miss Marie Corelli (which she has no memory of having read before), and entering the events of the day in my journal, I retired on to the dining-room sofa at 11.45 p.m. Miss Costaine had withdrawn, with a nervous headache, immediately after supper (cold lamb, mustard pickles and rice pudding).

Before extinguishing the light I read, as is my wont, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Suddenly a light footstep on the staircase diverted my attention. My first thought was that Mother had arisen. I threw back the bedclothes and, as my feet touched the linoleum, Miss Costaine entered the room. She was, to my acute embarrassment, in her sleeping attire. Her hair was unbound (I was surprised at its length) and, although she did not speak, her arms were outstretched in my direction. She stood, for a moment, in the shadow of the doorway, as though imploring me to go to her and then, slowly, moved towards me. I darted to one side and, as she reached the spot where I had been standing, I noticed an extraordinary thing. Her eyes were closed.

That she was oblivious of my presence was immediately apparent, for she crossed the room with a strange floating

Edited by
RICHARD HAYDN



movement and stood before the picture of "Dawn," which hangs above the mantelpiece. Her finger-tips moved, caressingly, over its surface for some moments and then, kneeling below it, in front of the fireplace, she assumed the pose of the model in the painting. (Not as gracefully, of course, for Miss Costaine is much older.) She remained immobile for perhaps ten seconds, during which I tried not to contemplate her next move. It came soon enough. With terrifying deliberation she proceeded to unbutton the neck-band of her sleeping garment. It was obvious what she was about to do. Her intention was to disrobe. Slowly, inch by inch, her entire neck came into view. Next, her right shoulder was bared. A moment later, her left. The pounding of my heart seemed to deafen me and, at any second, I felt certain that its noise must awaken her. Gradually the garment slid lower and lower, gathering momentum as it descended. Then, with a quick flutter (thank heaven she had her back to me), it fell about her waist.

When I regained consciousness Mr. Murke was fanning me with his bowler hat. I threw a glance of terror round the room, but Miss Costaine was nowhere to be seen. Because of the shock my nervous system had received my explanation of what had occurred was none too coherent. To my complete bewilderment Murke received it with hoots of laughter. While wiping tears of merriment from his eyes he told me that he returned to the house at

12.15 a.m. Hearing a thud in the dining-room (it must have been my body falling), he entered to see Miss Costaine, stripped to the waist, stepping over my prone form. She had then turned, curtsied to the picture, and proceeded upstairs to her room. I was very "on edge," and I told Murke, in no uncertain terms, that I considered his levity extremely out of place. He said "Didn't you know about the old bat? Why, she's been up to her tricks ever since I've lived here." "What exactly do you mean?" I asked. He looked at my face and then gave an inexplicable guffaw. "Don't be a fool, Ed," he said. "I mean that when Miss C. walks in her sleep, she usually does it in my room." I gasped and said, "But Miss Costaine is a lady." Murke threw back his head and laughed again. He then slapped my back. "Ed," he said, "you kill me. Of course she's a lady, but she's also a virgin and she doesn't like it." He slapped me on the back again, bade me good night and went upstairs.

February 15th

On my way home from a visit to Rolfe's Plumbing Establishment I dropped into Bovey's Photographic Art Studio. Maude's birthday is on the 20th and Mr. Bovey has been framing the gift which I have spent several happy evenings making for her. It is a small square of oak board (8 inches by 10 inches) on which I have inscribed, with a red-hot knitting needle, the following verse:

TO MY BETROTHED
by
E. O. Carp

"Frail barque, that is my ship
Of Life;
Tho' storms may override
Thee,
Hold fast thy course, through
Strain and strife,
Thy Captain's hand shall
Guide thee.

Mr. Bovey had the order completed and waiting for me. The frame is beautifully made, but, somehow, the over-all effect disappointed me.

Varro's Four Hundred and Ninety Books

By ROBERT GRAVES

WHEN I was seven years old my mother drew me aside with a conspiratorial air, cupped her hands to my ears and whispered a great secret which she had been told at the same age by her father:

"Work, darling, is always far more fun than play."



It was my initiation into a family tradition of unwearyed social service.

I early decided to be a writer and, unlike my grandfather, who combined scientific dairy-farming and forestry on a large scale with being a brick-factory owner and a children's specialist, have never since attempted to be anything else—unless bringing up a large family (which he also did) counts as anything. I am as poor in alternative occupational resources as the Unjust Steward.

Let me be plain: writing, for me, is a compulsion neurosis, psychologically indistinguishable from Dr. Johnson's urge to touch lamp-posts. I find it impossible to take a day off from it, except Christmas Day, or when I get influenza, or have to make my annual flight from Majorca to England; and even then my mind goes on touching lamp-posts in endless imaginative vistas. And this neurosis is complicated by another: a terror of writing the same sort of book twice. Were I Georges Simenon, of course, I could look the world in the face. There's social service for you! Simenon has a similar psychosis likewise created by his mother—who tried to make a baker-cum-confectioner of him—but limits himself to crime fiction, or confection, for an enormous, greedy clientele, which includes you and me and (apparently) two-thirds of the Spanish Postal Service, because no more than one *Simenon* in three runs the gauntlet of the mails. The entire baking can be stacked

alphabetically in uniform batches on the same set of small-octavo shelves. My works can't: they belong to various unrelated library categories, and come in a whole range of sizes, from more than four hundred thousand words to less than two thousand; which is a great embarrassment to the publishing trade, because each one offers a new tricky marketing problem. There are no sequels: if I ever appear to have written a sequel to anything, the fact is that I originally wrote a grossly over-sized book, and had to chop it in two.

Don Lucifer, brimful of mischief for idle hands, tries to make me lay off writing altogether. "What are you doing now?" he asks. "Nothing much," I reply casually, without looking up. "Just clearing off a few jobs that have crept up on me since that story about the Solomon Islands in 1598; and the non-Science-Fiction Utopia; and the translation of the *Metamorphoses*; and the fat book about Gospel origins; and those two ill-assorted volumes of essays." "A few jobs!" he says whistling. "Sounds bad. All finished?" "All off the stocks. Some already in proof."

He asks for details. "Well," I begin, "I tried to keep myself busy for four or five years on a thousand-page dictionary of Greek mythology, but could only stretch it to two; and here are two Spanish translations, novels by Alarcón and Galván; and here's a seventy-two-page monograph on occidental elements in the first four chapters of *Genesis*; and



this is an historical novel about eighth-century B.C. Sicily; and I have sent off a *Collected Poems* to the United States; oh, and a short study in early-nineteenth-century French Romanticism; and, at the moment, I'm still busy on—"

"One book every two years," he says firmly; "that's all your public will stand."

"Can't I have more than one public," I plead—"even if it means changing my name, like Nicholas Blake?"

"No!"

Don Lucifer has decreed that this shall be the Managerial Age, and that all managers must be specialists; which is his neat way of rebuilding the Tower of Babel in preparation for an even more spectacular disaster than the Biblical one. A *Johannes Factotum* like my grandfather is not tolerated to-day: he must register a single profession, and stick to it. "The less you do," Don Lucifer argues, "the more of a specialist you become, and therefore the more highly prized by my lieutenants."

When I studied Classics at school, the voluminous and diverse writings of Varro were always coming up for mention. I remember St. Augustine's remark that "Varro read so much that we must feel astonished at his having found time to write even a single book; yet he wrote so many as to make us doubt whether anyone has ever found time to read all of them." Varro died at the age of eighty-nine after some sixty-five years of active authorship, and is credited with four hundred and ninety books. But, come to think of it, a Latin book was limited by the length of a

papyrus roll; which contained at the most ten thousand words, wasn't it? So Varro's production works out at a mere two hundred words a day, and he was a rich man who could afford to buy a team of Greek secretary-slaves, for less than two thousand drachmae a head, to do his research for him, take his dictation, correct his grammar, and cut out contradictions and repetitions and plain stupidities. Apparently the slaves were better at research and script-continuity than at Latin composition, because "his works are distinguished," Professor Ramsay writes, "by a profundity of knowledge rather than felicity of expression, and are indeed couched in a somewhat repulsive style."

But here am I, not yet sixty, without a team of expensive Greek irks, and for the last twenty-five years have produced an average of five hundred words a day, which includes rewriting every sentence at least three times. That already adds up to a good deal more than four million

words. Gad, sir, St. Augustine was right: who on earth would find time to wade through such a morass? And yet five hundred words represent only a page and a half of manuscript; and my average working day, if I cut out letter-writing and interruptions—say two hours—amounts to little more than six hours out of the sixteen.

When I consider the hectic, more than fully engaged, dysapotropiac life of a general medical practitioner, whether in town or country, or of a public-school headmaster, my scalp crawls! Why don't the poor wretches drop dead in their tracks long before the onset of middle age? But when I consider my ca'canny fellow-authors, who somehow manage to reduce output to ten words a day (which means a novel of average length every two years), and who make as good a living out of them, repulsive style and all, as I do out of my Ciceronian five hundred, and who have no subsidiary trade but "recreation," my jaw





falls. How do they do it, unless by the technique of Penelope's web?

Yesterday I went for a swim in the cove and found a girl perched hopefully on a rock a few yards out, clothed in an elegant two-piece bathing dress and considerable aplomb. She introduced herself as the ex-secretary of one of those ten-words-a-day capitalists. Apparently she mistook me for a veteran of the same gilded fraternity and was angling for a job. I cross-examined the peat. She revealed that her former employer had worked from 10 to 12, apart from long week-ends and frequent holidays—10 to 11 on fan-mail; 11 to 12 on his novel. He always set her to read the last chapter or two aloud as a means of reminding him what the story was about. Then he dictated two sentences, cut out one, begged her to get the other into decent shape, twiddled with his paper-knife, asked her whether she didn't think it was a lousy story—she was supposed to say "Oh, no!"—and when the clock chimed midday, sent her downstairs to prepare for the daily cocktail hour, from 12 to 2.20. Then lunch, recreation, tea, recreation, another cocktail hour, and out to dinner somewhere. She was also

his chauffeuse and playmate, and propelled his punt.

I wish I liked cocktails, even though they happen to disagree with my digestion. A cocktail hour would dock my morning's work of nearly two hundred and fifty words, and slow down my evening by fifty words an hour—a clear saving of one hundred thousand a year. How pleased Don Lucifer, and how relieved the book-trade would be! And if I could get brain-washed by some transcontinen specialist into forgetting my grandfather's secret, and if "play" didn't mean bridge and golf and doing crossword puzzles (all of which look to me like hard work) but something more frivolous—such as diverting mountain streams, or making beetles race, or throwing tomatoes at passing motor-cars—I might cut production still further and collect a C.B.E. or a C.H., or even (who knows?) a Nobel Peace Prize. As it is I seem destined to miss posthumous as well as contemporary attention. Only one of Varro's four hundred and ninety works has survived.

I roll myself a cigarette and, to stake a claim at least for erudition, check up on Varro and on the words *irk* and *transcontinen* and *peat* and *dysapotropaic*.

Twelve o'clock. I started work at 8 a.m. Lunch will not be ready for an hour and a half; and unfortunately no one has bothered to interrupt me since Lucia and Juan appeared for their hour's Latin lesson at 9 a.m.; and two parish acolytes sidled in at 10.15 a.m. selling one-peseta lottery tickets for St. Bernard's Day (prize, an alarm clock); and at 10.30 a retired Florida businessman, who mistook me for a house-agent, drove up in his car and hooted outside my work-room. But even he didn't keep me two minutes: the poor simpleton wanted to be taken round our one-eyed village of Binijiny in search of a cheap villa with central heating, running water, a tennis court, a refrigerator and a telephone (which, really, was very funny indeed); and (funnier still) would I sell him my sailing dinghy? No other visitors loom; so now I must start cutting this nonsense about. But even if it goes through the necessary three stages before to-morrow morning, and is ready for typing in duplicate, I'll have avoided doing an honest day's work. My mother, you see, would never have counted a *Punch* article as work, nor would my grandfather; and why should I presume to know better?

On the Turf

Arabian Night and the St. Leger

MISTER PEACOCK, you have some good horses in the North, I believe, these days," remarked the late King George the Fifth to that celebrated trainer.

"Yes, and some damn bad ones," replied the Yorkshireman.

Certainly it was true, then as now (the conversation took place—if it ever took place—some twenty-five years ago), that there's never any shortage of third-rate thoroughbreds up or down the country. But to-day where are the first-rate? Not up North—for the Yorkshire stables can't produce a fancied candidate for their own classic, the St. Leger. Not in the West—for Beckhampton and Manton are no longer the home of champions, though a faint whisper has reached me in favour of the Beckhampton trained DOUBLE BORE for next Saturday. Epsom, it is true, has a nice, honest colt in UMBERTO, but the touts say that he has been suffering all this summer from rheumatism—who can blame him?

No, the answer to Saturday's problem lies in Ireland or Newmarket, unless the French can produce a dark horse to surprise us. At the moment this looks doubtful, for ARENYS is greatly inferior to giants like Scratch, Arbar and Talma sent by M. Boussac to Doncaster in recent years.

From Ireland I hear that Paddy Prendergast, whose triumphant reappearance at York was so popular, has BLUE SAIL in grand order, and Frank More O'Ferrall, who manages the horse for his Canadian owner, says that the horse will win. I would not advise anyone to ignore this opinion, but the fact remains that Blue Sail is rather a plain horse and, apart from swimming like an Egyptian to victory in a sea of mud at York, his form this year is not up to classic standard. He is bred to stay, being by Tehran out of a Blue Peter mare, and if the course rides heavy his stamina might wear down his Newmarket opponents.

It is Newmarket that I expect to provide the winner. Yet even if the inhabitants of that town agree with me, they certainly will not agree amongst themselves as to which is their likeliest candidate. BY THUNDER!, the favourite,

is the best-looking three-year-old in the town and, as he is a son of the great Nearco out of Vertencia, who won the Park Hill Stakes over the St. Leger course, he is superbly bred for the race in question. His owner, Mr. Jack Gerber, has said that "By Thunder! will skate the Leger." Such pre-race statements usually reflect the owner's temperament more accurately than they assess the horse's chance, and it would be easy enough to over-estimate By Thunder's prospects. He was only carrying 6 st. 12 lb. when he won the Ebor Handicap the other day. Twenty-three years ago dear old Brown Jack carried 9 st. 5 lb. to victory in the same race and no one would ever have made him favourite for a classic. Nevertheless, if good looks, breeding and stable confidence are what you look for, then By Thunder! is your horse.

AMBLED H, Boyd-Rochfort's American bred three-year-old, has been showing improved form in home gallops, and some watchers on the Heath have even gone so far as to assert that he might win, but I do not expect him to get the trip in a fast-run race.

PRESCRIPTION, from the stable of Jack Jarvis, has stamina to recommend him, and he demonstrated his toughness by beating a fancied Boussac runner in the Gold Vase at Ascot. Then, in July, he finished the length of a tennis-court behind Blarney Stone in the Goodwood Cup, and that makes him out well below the standard required. Nor have I much respect for the chance of either

ELOPEMENT or RASHLEIGH, both trained by Murless. Elopement has been as expensive to his backers as was his brother Gay Time, and there seems to be something soft in the family. Rashleigh is a different type, being a genuine if rather common colt, who was very lucky to beat ARABIAN NIGHT and NEVER SAY DIE at Ascot. It was for some rather dicey riding in this race that Lester Piggott was suspended for the season, much to the sorrow of his fans. Not only was Arabian Night unlucky on that occasion but in both the Derby and the Guineas he was denied a clear run, yet each time he was running on strongly at the finish. It is usually a mistake to make excuses for beaten horses, but I am going to suggest that this time ARABIAN NIGHT will turn the tables on the Derby winner and carry off the Leger. He has been working extremely well at Newmarket and has been thoroughly tested in an old-fashioned preparation over the mile-and-three-quarters distance. He is fitter and stronger than he was on the day of the Derby and is made a confident each-way selection.

Of course, it is expecting a lot to take him to beat Never Say Die, who cantered home in the Derby in fast time, but Never Say Die without Piggott is very much Hamlet without the Prince.

GIDEON TODE

2 2

"Our records show that runs of three consecutive wet months, May, June, and July, aren't uncommon. There have been 12 examples in the last eight years."

The Scotsman

Or does it just seem like it?





Criticism

BOOKING OFFICE

Diversities

People : Places. Edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith. *Grosvenor Press*, 2 gns. each.

THESE books are the two opening volumes of a series called *People*, *Places*, *Things* and *Ideas*. The first has the sub-title "A volume of the good, bad, great and eccentric who illustrate the admirable diversity of man"; while the second is: "A volume of travel in space and time places which have delighted, intrigued and intimidated men."

In their introduction the editors state specifically that *People* is "not a book of reference or a biographical dictionary," nor is *Places* a gazetteer. They merely contain a collection of names that have appealed, for one reason or another, to the editors themselves as good material for disproving the existence of that "impossible monster, the Average Man."

Under "A" we come almost immediately upon Mr. W. H. Auden, "Anglo-American poet, a teacher, preacher, healer and entertainer in verse," who "received—and survived—the customary education of the English middle-class, going from a 'public school' (one rather more liberal than others) to the university of Oxford." Inverted commas for "public school" (like the use of the adverb "brashly" in the introduction) are no doubt intended to set at ease a transatlantic public, amongst whom the books should find a sale. But why "survive"? Surely Mr. Auden is the last boy on earth who "survived" a "rather more liberal" public school; unless the word is used to indicate that he literally did not breathe his last in such an institution. Unless this rather drastic meaning is intended, it might be thought that his own writings show overwhelming influence, rather than a mere "survival" of that particular form of education.

Mr. Auden, who has a page to himself and a portrait, occurs again in *Places*, under "Ischia," where he lives. However, no mention is made of Sir William Walton, another Ischian resident, nor is Sir William given a biography. This seems unfair both to British music and to Ischia, but as the

editors can claim complete independence of action, it must be accepted. Picasso, Munch, Klee, Ensor and Kokoschka are included as painters, but not Matisse, Braque, Modigliani, Utrillo, Beardsley nor Sickert. Mr. Henry Moore gets a place as a sculptor. M. Jean Cocteau is here as a French poet, but not Guillaume Apollinaire.

Turning to *Places*, we find a few lines



about Avebury, nothing about Tintagel, and half a page respectively about Tiruvannamalai and Titograd. The latter is the new capital of the Republic of Montenegro—though perhaps, like "public school," this particular "re-public" deserves inverted commas. The account of "Hiroshima" terminates with the admonition that it is "a place to be visited for the stirring of one's conscience." Neither Katyn nor Dachau is included for Russians or Germans who enjoy conscience-stricken holidays.

The little headlines above each person or place are to be deprecated. The writing is already jaunty enough, without this additional journalistic affectation. On the other hand, the illustrations are excellent. Each volume has sixteen colour plates and one hundred and sixty pages in black-and-white. These pictures have been chosen with great care. The portraits are almost without exception unusual, and the

paintings or photographs of towns, ruins and landscapes always avoid banality.

Clearly, therefore, whatever else may be in doubt regarding the information here contained, the books do to some degree demonstrate a point of view—largely, no doubt, the point of view of Mr. Grigson and Mr. Gibbs-Smith. The thought immediately occurs to us that if that "impossible monster, the Average Man" has been disproved, that eminently possible monster, the Average Highbrow has been at large among the contributors.

Would it be true to say that the accumulated biographies and descriptions of the surface of the world represent a certain definite contemporary mental orientation? Perhaps the editors would answer freely in the affirmative. This is a record, they might say, of what intelligent, practical, well-educated people, with a good dose of self-complacence and prejudice, together with a touch of irritability and pretentiousness, seasoned with a peculiarly modern form of sentimentality, thought in the 1950s. Readers must make up their own minds how far this describes *People* and *Places*. After all, such a record, unhindered by the need for pedantic details and exact statistics, might be well worth compiling. Whatever the answer, these two volumes are an enjoyable couple to browse through.

ANTHONY POWELL

Roving Gossip

The Little Tour. Giles Playfair and Constantine FitzGibbon. *Cassell*, 21/-

The Little Tour "takes in" the four pocket states of Europe: Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein and San Marino. It was not undertaken by the two authors (who appear to have had a mutual mistrust of each other's abilities) in any very serious spirit; but their light-hearted approach, always sufficiently inquisitive without ever being earnest, exactly suits the character of the four little republics under report. Quite an amount of guide-book information manages to get itself included, but chiefly the authors' talent is for presenting their subjects in the manner of an unusually intelligent gossip-writer. Each author takes two republics; they never



refer to one another except as "the collaborator," and the detective-minded may be amused by deciding on the interior evidence which has done which.

All four states come pretty well out of their examination—best of all, perhaps, Monaco; it is to be hoped that the evident happiness of these independent citizens in their independence will not stir up latent seeds of individualism in such likely communities as, say, Monmouthshire, or Berwick-on-Tweed.

B. A. Y.

Kobbé's Complete Opera Book. Edited and revised by the Earl of Harewood. Putnam, 45/-

If every generation needs to write its own history books there is every justification for it also to produce its own "complete" opera book. True completeness is an unattainable ideal, but the comprehensively revised and enlarged edition of such a work of reference may reflect changes in the repertory—fashions ebb and flow in the musical world as in the *haute couture*—and record the birth of new work.

Kobbé's generation didn't know *Orfeo* and *Cosi fan Tutte* and had only just re-discovered *Dido and Aeneas*; the present editor's essays restore them to their proper place with many other operas unfashionable forty years ago. *Elektra* and *Salomé* were "newly erupted volcanoes" before the 1914-18 war; Lord Harewood allows himself to qualify Kobbé's attitude and treats them as part of the normal stream of German opera, which has flowed on to Berg and Hindemith by now. The analyses of the over-glamorized Britten operas are knowledgeable and detailed but, happily, objective.

Finely illustrated from famous "occasions," this mammoth volume covers two hundred and thirty-seven operas produced between 1607 and 1953.

J. D.

The Memoirs of James Stephen. Written by Himself for the Use of His Children. (Edited with an introduction by Merle M. Bevington.) Hogarth Press, 30/-

Wilberforce's brother-in-law by a second marriage, and great-grandfather of Virginia Woolf, James Stephen was a member of "The Clapham Sect," those practical idealists who brought about the abolition of slavery. He began his memoirs in 1819 at the age of sixty-one.

HUMOROUS ART

THE British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be on show at the Odeon Cinema, Newcastle-on-Tyne, from September 14 to September 25. It includes 250 original drawings by 115 British and American artists. Admission is free.

Although he lived another thirteen years his voluminous narrative takes us only to his first marriage at twenty-five, and his embarkation for the West Indies. There are some remarkable revelations regarding his private life.

He wrote in good, orotund English. The eighteenth century we see through his eyes seems in some ways remoter than, say, the first decade of our own; in others as remote, at least, as the fifteenth.

Editing and introduction reflect quiet credit on the American scholar who now presents us with the memoirs.

R. C. S.

The Fellowship of the Ring. J. R. R. Tolkien. Allen & Unwin, 21/-

Allegory on the grand scale is not a very favoured literary form nowadays; *The Lord of the Rings*, of which this is the first of three volumes, is certainly, if length is any criterion, on the grand scale; also very allegorical, though not with Spenser's tiresome complexity nor with his significance of detail, but hung full of manifestations of good and evil, the evil much more convincing than the good; some of it haunted me for days.

The story springs from *The Hobbit*, Professor Tolkien's earlier children's book which I have always enjoyed. Hobbits are an entertaining invention with an existence of their own, and the bits of this book which are about them are much the best; but I can think of nothing in the book to account for the fact that I find the whole thing absolutely fascinating, despite some of the most infuriating fine writing.

P. D.

AT THE PLAY

A Midsummer Night's Dream
(EDINBURGH FESTIVAL)



Gog and MacGogg
(PALLADIUM, EDINBURGH)

The Diary of a Nobody
(ARTS)

THE Edinburgh *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sets out in a few weeks on a lengthy tour of America, where it will doubtless rake in dollars, for it is the kind of production which should almost satisfy audiences sated with the gluey realism of the screen. At the same time it seems a pity it should do so under the banner of the Old Vic, whose aims and achievements it so inaccurately represents. Although they would have grumbled at the diction, Irving and Tree would have clapped at all the clever tricks, and been especially delighted when Oberon and Titania take their final passage to the Never-Never Land on flying wires. On the other hand Shaw and Poel and Granville-Barker, who fought what they imagined was the decisive Battle of the Plumcake, would be appalled to see Shakespeare the poet smothered for the sake of spectacle.

MICHAEL BENTHALL's approach to the play is aggressively out of date. If you can forget it is by Shakespeare, and written for production on a simple stage, and that it contains magnificent poetry, most of which is spoken on the level of a school recitation by a cast selected, one would guess, more for the nimbleness of legs than tongues, then you can list a number of items which are technically good. Led by ROBERT HELPMANN (Oberon), who speaks verse most intelligently, and MOIRA SHEARER, whose voice is pleasant but inadequate for Titania, the ballets are often beautiful. They are introduced so freely that clearly the emphasis of the production is on them; but they are expertly arranged, and dressed by ROBIN and CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE with great effect—the male fairies as jewelled dragonflies and the female in Dresden innocence. Titania's woodland *couchée*, for instance, is exquisite, and so is the dance which celebrates her release from Bottom. Then the décor, as richly laid on as any Hollywood confection. You can all but see the sap in the IRONSIDES' cut-out trees, which are packed thickly enough to cause despair in a Forestry Commissioner. They make a gloomy, baroque sort of wood (matching the venom of the dragonflies), in which bits of ruins suggesting the Castle of Otranto strike a note of anything but high revel. Backed by a sinister lake that would serve very well for "The Turn of the Screw," they are wrong, and to my mind silly, but of their ancient pantomime kind they are sound. Clearly nobody would quarrel with the Mendelssohn score, splendidly played by the Scottish National Orchestra.

Apart from its poor diction—from which there are two notable exceptions (besides Mr. HELPMANN), ANTHONY



NICHOLLS as Theseus and TERENCE LONGDON as Lysander—and the overwhelming impression it gives of using Shakespeare as a mere framework for visual fun and games, this production falls down mainly on its rustics, who are lamentably unfunny. Conscientious buffoonery is very wearing. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, who plays Bottom, comes to rehearsal with the exaggerated English of an old trumper in a saloon bar; in performance he talks Cockney, and relapses into what appears to be a well worn music-hall routine. It is typical of this production that his ass's head is of a dazzling complexity, with movable everything, but the unceasing gnashing of its teeth in the longer speeches has the same results as a joke on a gramophone with a stuck needle. Similarly PHILIP LOCKE gained my laugh only very briefly with his Punch-and-Judy voice for Thisbe. ELIOT MAKEHAM's Quince is the best, but still is too light.

However gladly American audiences may rally, it will be interesting to hear what American critics who care for Shakespeare may have to say about this determined retreat into the woollier glories of the past.

Gog and MacGogg, described by BRIDIE as "a little Scotch mist," is too flimsy a play for the Festival proper, but makes a pleasant diversion on the fringe, in spite of being billed on the programme as "Gog and Magog," thus robbing BRIDIE of his flying start. Only he would



(*The Diary of a Nobody*)
Mr. Pooter—MR. GEORGE BENSON

have dared to build a farcical comedy on a series of crazy conversations in a pub, and then switch to the bloody division of a Scottish village, fighting with ball cartridge for the rival theories of umbilical nodalism and algebraical equilibrium. He nearly succeeded. The moments of rich comedy have an undercurrent of pathos and poetry which, being piped by BRIDIE, erupts with force. A good deal depends on the idiotic English visitor, here played engagingly by NORMAN WELSH, and on the taciturn regulars, of whom ABE BARKER and FRED NEILSON are worthy specimens; but the high moments, not perhaps cream of Bridie but at least top-of-the-milk, depend on the tramp Harry MacGogg, a tattered spinner of doggerel with something disconcertingly like inspired prophecy in his rolling eye. This part suits DUNCAN MACRAE down to the tip of his crumbling boots. His long, wildly jumbled recitation of Shakespeare is to be remembered, for he is a wonderful exponent of eccentric character. I wish he could more often be lured to London.

Coming back in the train we speculated wildly on BASIL DEAN's and RICHARD BLAKE's experiment of adapting *The Diary of a Nobody* for the stage. Everything seemed against it—very little dialogue, so that even Mr. Pooter's conversational style could only be guessed at; much trivial incident but no strong dramatic clash; literary tricks of timing which worked marvellously in *Punch*, where the Diary was one of the most successful series this paper has ever published, but which looked untranslatable in action. Far too much of the shockingly apocryphal would surely have to be concocted.

In the event we were wrong. The attempt fails in the end, but it is brave, ingenious, and surprisingly faithful. Separate incidents have been skilfully picked out and woven together to form complete scenes. Good casting and BASIL DEAN's affectionate production bring the characters unexpectedly to life. And, rare in these mocking days, the acting is honest, with no spoiling note of burlesque. Even the Grossmiths, I believe, would pass the solid, bumbling respectability of GEORGE BENSON's Pooter as admirable. Basically Pooter-worshippers have little to complain of; the substitution of Murray Posh for Hardfur Huttle as the saviour of the firm of Perkupp is a justified economy.

Up to the interval the adaptors had lost few tricks. The first of the two acts ended with the party to celebrate Lupin's engagement to Daisy, expanded to include Burwin-Fossetton's Irving imitation, done lethally well by ALAN MACNAUGHTAN, and Gowin's game of the Great Mogul, in which WILLOUGHBY GODDARD strewed the floor with angry bodies. Mr. Fadge was in the corner—"That's right!"—Daisy (ROSE HILL) sang confidently off the note, and



[*Gog and MacGogg*]
Harry MacGogg—MR. DUNCAN MACRAE

departed furious when Lillie Girl (DIANE TODD) sang creditably on it. LESLIE PHILLIPS' Lupin, a mercurial smart-alec, administered anxious hospitality. HELEN CHRISTIE's Mrs. James was exactly right, and DULCIE GRAY's Mrs. Pooter a gently charming background. Altogether it was a glorious party, that one felt could only have reached such heights in PAUL MAYO's excruciating parlour at "The Laurels."

After this, alas, the second act went downhill, rather sharply. The force of Pooterism seemed spent, in spite of gallant efforts to revive it. And Mr. Perkupp's behaviour, so satisfactory on paper, became openly absurd in a Victorian employer. But all the same I came away more grateful than critical—in the adverse circumstances a minor miracle.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

The Firebird
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet paid homage to the memory of Serge Diaghilev on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death with a triple bill containing three of his most admired creations. Of these, *The Firebird* excited particular interest because it had never before been attempted by an English company. It was in other ways, too, a test piece. Redolent in all its parts of Muscovite temperament, imagery and

legend it was the most authentically Russian ballet of all that Diaghilev staged, and it was the first in which he proved his genius as an inspirer and co-ordinator of young artists in every medium. To the young and little-known Stravinsky he gave the opportunity which established his fame—the first composer to be thus commissioned—and the collaboration with Fokine as choreographer and dancer and with Golovin the painter was the real beginning of the Diaghilev supremacy in the world of ballet.

Since the night in Paris, forty-five years ago, when Tamara Karsavina danced the leading rôle, has the glorious bird of fate flashed across the stage with such exciting brilliance as that imparted by MARGOT FONTEYN in this present revival? What a superb artist this is who makes the exotic creature of a magic world a transcendent reality engaging all our senses. The night will long be remembered, not on Miss FONTEYN's account only but for the total excellence of all concerned. As the lovely Princess, SVETLANA BERISOVA has a difficult, unsupported rôle to which she brings a movingly poetic understanding. As the ogre, Kostchei, whose evil spell is broken by the Firebird, with the consequent union of MICHAEL SOMES's virile Prince with his Princess, FREDERICK ASHTON adds another masterly portrait to his gallery of persons to be avoided; and, evidently fired by the spirit of dazzling artistry in full possession at Covent Garden, the rest of the large cast is richly satisfying.

Miss FONTEYN, in a programme note, expresses gratitude for the help of Mme. Karsavina. Three other of Diaghilev's collaborators have also helped to bring *The Firebird* vividly to life again—SERGE GRIGORIEV, his *régisseur*, who, with LIUBOV TCHERNICHEVA, is responsible for the "revised" production, and ERNEST ANSERMET, who conducts. The scenery and costumes by NATHALIE GONTCHAROVA are another truly splendid link with Diaghilevian taste and opulence.

La Boutique Fantasque has lost its sparkle in revival and except for MARGARET DALE's dancing a small part once done by Markova it recalls no delights. *The Three Cornered Hat* was more rewarding, particularly for ALEXANDER GRANT's dancing of the part of the Miller in which Massine excelled. But after *The Firebird* anything would have been an anti-climax. C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE PICTURES

The Young Lovers *The Green Scarf*

IN spite of an ending that I suspect of having been calculated to deceive, *The Young Lovers* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH) is a most attractive and meritorious film, beautifully done.

The young lovers are involved in a modern variant of the Romeo-and-Juliet

situation. He is an American working in the Intelligence department of the U.S. Embassy in London; she is the daughter of the Minister for an Iron Curtain country and lives at its London legation. Their innocent love is suspiciously investigated on the assumption (by both sides) that they cannot conceivably be meeting for any other reason than to give each other political secrets. At last they run away together, taking a small sailing-boat, and put out to sea in a great storm.

Then comes what I take to be the disingenuous ending. By all the rules, it ought to be tragic; and indeed there seems no particular point in having such a wild storm, and showing them in such difficulties, if they are to survive it. But it appears that they do survive: there they are, exhausted but calm, in the boat as the film ends. Simple souls who demand a happy ending, in fact, can go away with the feeling that there is one; and yet the film-makers have guarded against the accusation of falsifying the story—they can still say "Ah, the tragedy is nevertheless inevitable; we have simply stopped the film before it comes."

Aside from this point, however, the whole thing is quite admirable. From the first scene of the pair's meeting in the audience at Covent Garden it goes like a charm. ODILE VERSOIS in her first important part (there were two other films that gave her little chance) is perfect as the girl, and DAVID KNIGHT as the harassed young man is almost equally successful. One of the picture's most valuable qualities—in keeping with the quietness of incident, the low-key photography, the gentle "idyllic" feeling of the love-affair—is its moderation, its refusal to paint the two sides black and white: the girl's father is something of a fanatic, but as played by DAVID KOSOFF he remains human, and the scene of his reading the farewell note as he stands among the group on the beach points the story's moral the more effectively for letting us sympathize with him.

The Green Scarf (Director: GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL) is a field day for MICHAEL REDGRAVE and has other points of interest, but in essence it is a rather conventionally mechanical whodunit, complete down to the unmasking of the real culprit in court during the trial of the unjustly accused.

This is from a novel by GUY DES CARS, and the atmosphere and construction of the story somehow seem much more characteristically French than do the people in it and their surroundings.

Mr. REDGRAVE appears with a bushy beard and elderly mannerisms as a bumbling old defence lawyer cleverer than anybody supposes—the same sort of part as Raimu had in *Les Inconnus dans la Maison*, though he contrives to be more reminiscent of Charles Laughton than of Raimu. The accused is blind, deaf and dumb; another rather obvious acting part, which KIERON MOORE makes the



The Young Lovers
Star Crossed
Anna Szobek—ODILE VERSOIS
Ted Hutchens—DAVID KNIGHT

most of. The old lawyer does some improbably penetrating and energetic investigation, and then comes the trial: witnesses, flashbacks, well-bred jeers from the prosecution, impassioned harangues, and finally the accusing finger pointing at the person no one who hasn't read the cast list would expect. Yes, a mechanical story; but I enjoyed watching Mr. REDGRAVE.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Academy's Shakespeare season is ending: two days of *Julius Cesar* still to come. Other recommended London shows: *The Caine Mutiny* (25/8/54) and *The Living Desert* (2/6/54).

Top release is *The Seekers* (7/7/54), which had a mixed press; I thought it rather dull, but others liked it. *Duel in the Jungle* is quite entertaining African adventure, but at last piles on the incident to almost comic effect.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

What on Earth . . . ?

LIKE a party of adolescents driven indoors by incessant rain the planners of Lime Grove have been struggling to find a parlour game worth playing. Several parlour games. The long winter evenings of 1954-55 will find televiewers sitting entranced before illustrious panels, slick chairmen (who know all the answers), visiting somebodies and nobodies, and clever slot-machine scoreboards. The cosy "mystery voice" will let us into the secret, and we shall quiver with excitement as the panel gropes for or pounces upon the eternal verities.

It is easy enough to explain the popularity of parlour games. The performers love them because they combine maximum publicity with minimum labour and inconvenience: there are no lines to forget, no long dreary rehearsals, and responsibility is shared. Lime Grove likes parlour games because they are foolproof, cheap and repetitive: no elaborate settings are needed and the stars of sport, stage and screen can be signed up on rock-bottom terms. And the viewers? Well, what more can they want? Familiar faces, intimate glimpses of popular heroes and heroines, simplicity, repetition, and unscripted wit, corn and splenetic cussedness. It is obvious that most viewers find parlour games funnier than "Variety" and "Music Hall," more stimulating than the theatre, more exciting than the Proms. And nothing that the critics say—no programmers have been belaboured more energetically and persistently—will make a scrap of difference to the popularity of these studio frolics.

All the same I should like to put in a



Glyn Daniel Sir Mortimer Wheeler

plea for the "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?" formula which is now being applied quite successfully in a programme called "Where on Earth?" The trouble with "Anim., Veg., Min.?" was its deadly atmosphere of closed-shop erudition. It was quite typical of B.B.C.-minded exponents of cultural uplift to cash in on the parlour-game craze with an archaeological quiz; and typical of the B.B.C., too, was its discovery of personalities capable of converting an arrogant imposition into an acceptable prank.

But out of this strange party piece has grown an excellent series called "Buried Treasure" in which archaeology is treated humanely and romantically, and in which Glyn Daniel and Sir Mortimer Wheeler are allowed full scope for their talents. And for this we must be grateful. The latest edition of "Buried Treasure," the story of the Celtic princess unearthed last year at Vix in north-east France, was brilliantly done. Film and studio merged smoothly, the cackle was straightforward

and devoid of obvious expertise, and dull museum bones were made to blush and glow with sentient vitality.

"Where on Earth?" merely substitutes photographs for sticks and stones as the exhibits—large photographs giving the viewer almost as much chance of joining in the fun as the studio pundits. There is immense scope here: the pictures could quite easily be snatches of film, landscape paintings, modelled contour maps, charts or aerial views, and "Where on Earth?" (which is mainly concerned with topography and architecture) might be extended to "What on Earth?" (natural phenomena and science), "How on Earth?" (human achievement in all walks of life) and "When on Earth?"

(social history). In a recent edition of this parlour game the panel of travellers consisted of John Betjeman, Col. E. H. Tattersall and Sir Ronald Storrs. They tackled each picture with zest and revealed deductive powers of astonishing virtuosity.

In my ignorance I had thought it impossible that any series of films could match the futility and tastelessness of "I'm the Law," a batch of crime stories imported from American television; but the "Amos 'n' Andy" series, another importation, is equally shabby. There are elements of comedy in these slapstick episodes in the lives of the coloured clowns, but the comedy has a sad, hollow ring.

A sorry business, this. And for those who object, as I do, to studio audiences, let me add that these films are equipped with built-in audience reactions. It would be just too bad if viewers were to laugh (or cry) in the wrong places.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas 2d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner. "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

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*A page from
THE ESSO HISTOIRE
OF
AERIAL LOCOMOTION
Adapted from the French de
P. Crochet-Damais. Illustrated par
Philippe Féty avec permission.*

THE HISTORIC ASCENT OF FRANÇOIS PILATRE DE ROZIER

ON November 21, 1783, a magnificent balloon decorated with fleurs de lys and signs of the zodiac took off before a brilliant assembly in the garden of La Muette.

For the first time in history a balloon was carrying passengers. In command was François Pilatre de Rozier, headstrong man of action, surgeon, chemist, mathematician and Don Juan of the salons. With him, as co-pilot, was the hot-tempered, arrogant Marquis d'Arlandes.

"I was surprised at the uneasy silence which our departure caused," wrote d'Arlandes. "I therefore took out my handkerchief and waved it." For this action he was criticised: "You are doing nothing," de Rozier complained, "and we are scarcely rising."

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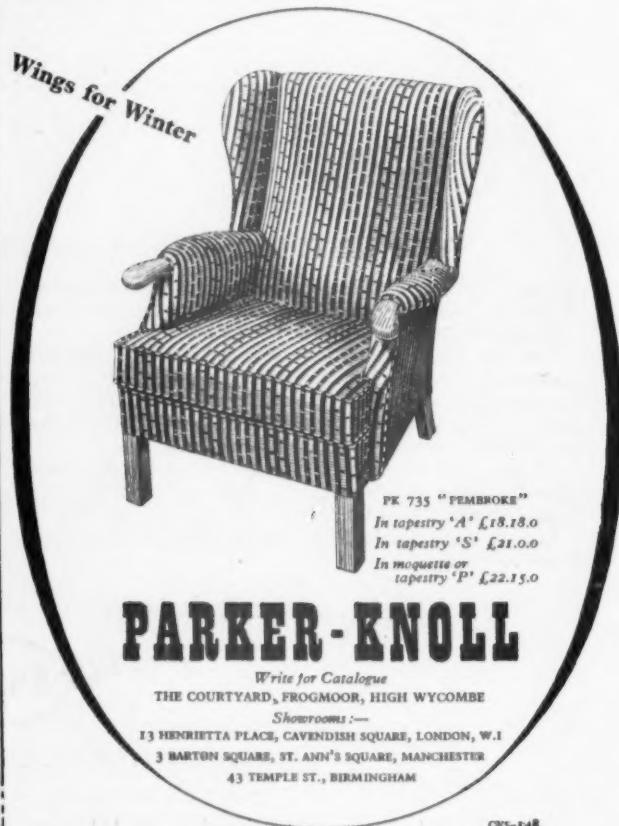
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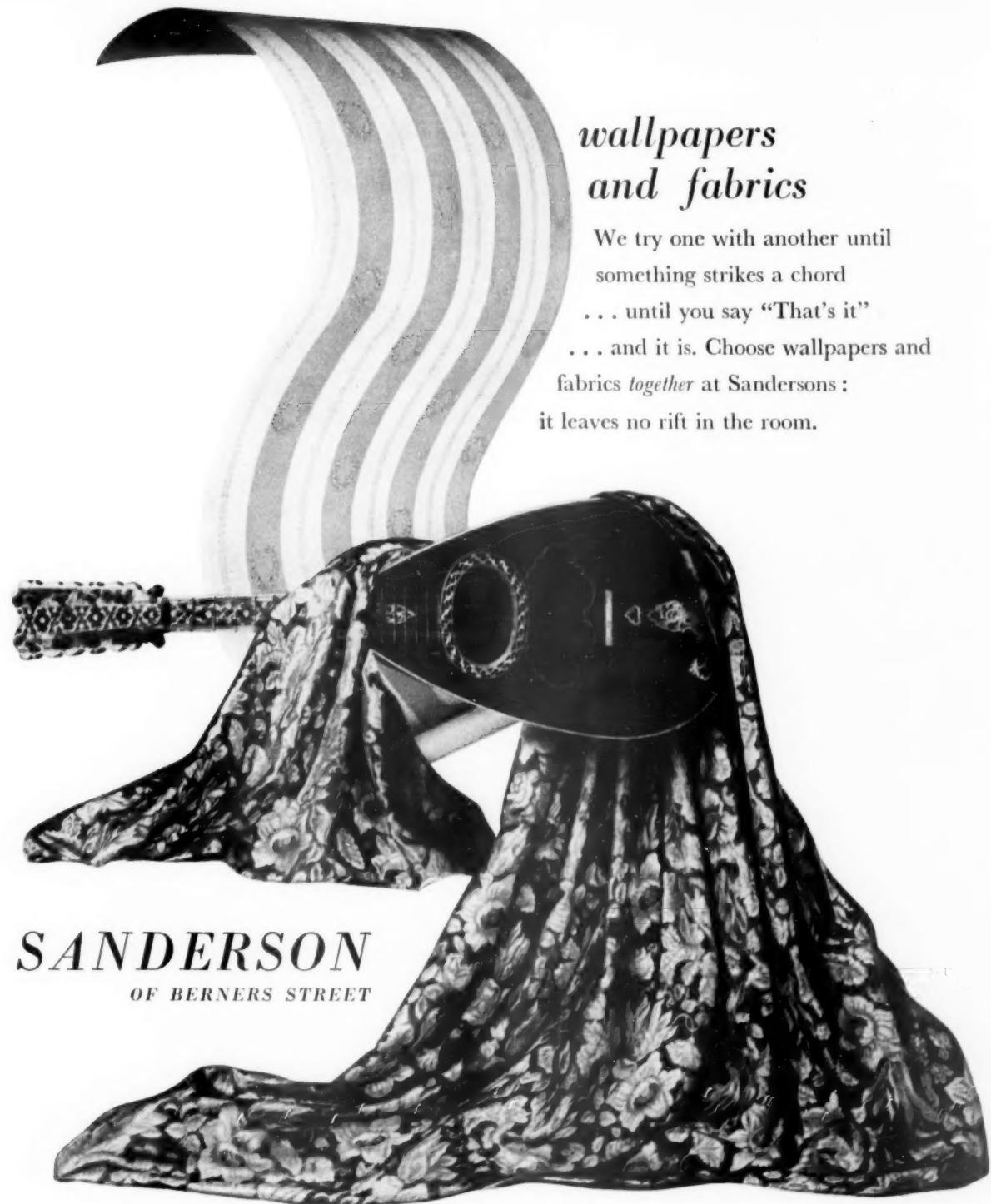
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"My Daily Mail"

by DAPHNE DU MAURIER

"AFTER a working day—and as a novelist I call a working day seven hours at my typewriter with an hour and a half off for lunch—I look forward to supper on a tray and the Daily Mail propped up against the biscuit tin.

When the children are home it is torn from me, because of Rip Kirby and Flook, and I am reminded of my father thirty years ago who used to skip the indifferent notices of his plays and turn to *Teddy Tail* as a counter-irritant.

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The feature articles have a wide appeal, they are not sensational and they are never dull; the social column, unique of its kind, mercifully shuns gossip and evades banality; while the book critic, even when he damns, damns with intelligence and not with malice aforethought.

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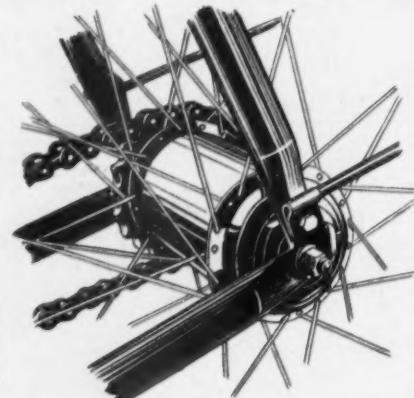
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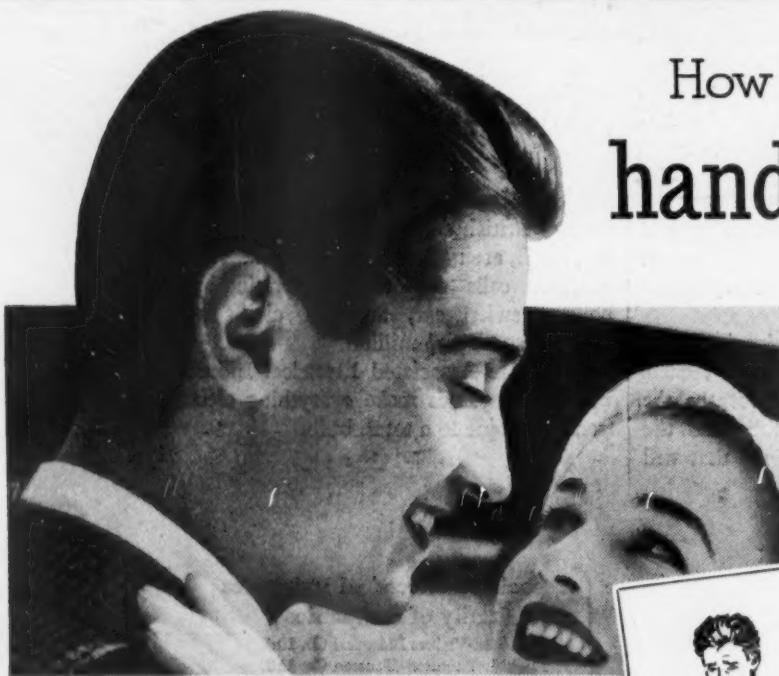
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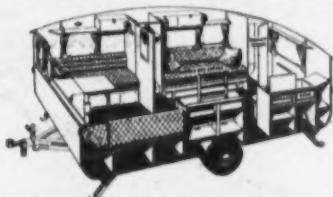
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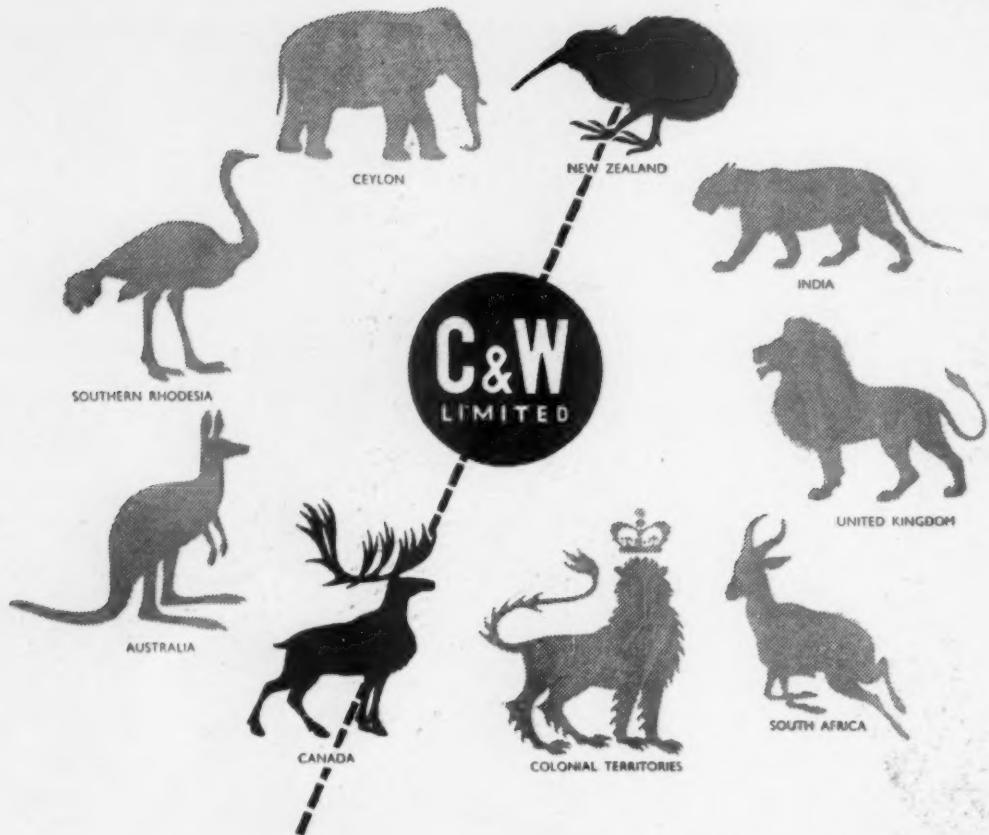
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How these services are carried out is explained in a 40-page illustrated booklet "World Wide Communication", which gives many interesting details about the Company's equipment, operations and administration. A copy will be sent to you without charge if you will write, mentioning this paper, to: The Public Relations Officer, Cable & Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.

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